THE BOOKMAN

CONTENTS

EDWARD FITZGERALD
by Arthur C Benson

LORD ROSEBERY AS A MAN OF LETTERS
by Hector Macpherson

NOT LANCELOT, BUT GALAHAD
by Dr. William Barry

TWO LYRICS FROM THE WELSH
by A. P. Graves

SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY
by Professor John Adams

AND OTHER ARTICLES
by Thomas Seccombe, Lewis Melville, Edward Thomas, etc.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS

OUR AMERICAN LETTER
News Notes. Novel Notes. etc. etc.

6D NET

MARCH 1909

LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON · WARWICK SQUARE E.C.

A NEW VOLUME OF 3/6 *EACH.*

LITERARY LIVES

EDITED BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

Ready Shortly. **With Photogravure Frontispiece and Illustrations.**

PEPYS By PERCY LUBBOCK

VOLUMES PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED:

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By CLEMENT SHORTER.

"Here in a short volume the whole story is crisply and vividly told once more in the full light of the most recent facts with unfailing sympathy and conspicuous charm. The portraits and other illustrations in the book heighten the realistic appeal of this clever and sympathetic estimate."—*Standard.*

ERNEST RENAN. By WILLIAM BARRY.

"Dr. Barry has been fortunate in completing the study of Newman, which he issued last year, by this study of Renan. And the reading and thoughtful public have been fortunate also in possessing these two sister studies, by a critic singularly well equipped for the task, of two men who between them sum up the effort of an age."—*Daily News.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT. By ANDREW LANG.

"Mr. Lang himself has done nothing better than his present volume. It has been written *con amore* and out of exceptional fulness of knowledge. His criticism is mellowed by his love of its object. His praise has no double-edged suggestion of the shortcomings of others, or rarely; and his blame is never harsh. He has set before us the essential and salient features of the man and his work, and put into our hands a supremely good book."—*British Weekly.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD. By G. W. E. RUSSELL.

"'Matthew Arnold,' by G. W. E. Russell, is one of the most useful works on the subject we have come across. In our opinion it is far superior to the ordinary run of such books. It is very pleasant reading, and has the merit of drawing attention to the salient points of Arnold's thought, instead of confining itself to subsidiary matters. Its widespread acceptance is to be desired."—*Athenæum.*

NEWMAN. By WILLIAM BARRY.

"His study of Newman is worthy of Sainte-Beuve."—*Times.*

"Dr. Barry is to be congratulated upon the admirable sketch which he has given us of a life which stands in influence and beauty."—*Guardian.*

JOHN BUNYAN. By the Author of MARK RUTHERFORD.

"No more perfect biographer could be found for Bunyan than the author of 'Mark Rutherford.' There is something Puritanical in the exquisite simplicity of his style, his high seriousness, his keen sympathy, which is saved from partisanship by the breadth and philosophy of his outlook. Understanding the hidden deeps of Bunyan's spiritual life, he has expounded his character, not in the formulas of a sect, but in the eternal phrases of humanity."—*Spectator.*

COVENTRY PATMORE. By EDMUND GOSSE.

"Admirable as the 'Literary Lives,' edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, are, the series contains no more charming sketch than that of 'Coventry Patmore,' which has just been added to the list. In dealing with the career of his old friend and literary companion, Mr. Edmund Gosse is at his best."—*Daily Telegraph.*

IBSEN. By EDMUND GOSSE.

"Ibsen is fortunate in his biographer not only on account of Mr. Gosse's unique and first-hand knowledge of his subject, but also by reason of his unique biographical gifts. . . . Mr. Gosse has made what is generally the most tedious part of biography entertaining in the highest degree. The record of Ibsen's youth as told in this book is intensely fascinating. All this is painted vividly, lightly, and sympathetically, with infinite intuition and unerring tact. . . . The reader will find every phase of Ibsen's life and each new factor and manner of his work delicately evoked and underlined with a thin line of luminous comment."—*Morning Post.*

HODDER & STOUGHTON, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 210. Vol. XXXV. MARCH, 1909. Price Sixpence.
Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 243

OUR AMERICAN LETTER ... 248

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 249

THE READER—
Edward FitzGerald. By A. C. Benson 251
FitzGerald's "Omar" 257
Two Lyrics from the Welsh. By Alfred Perceval Graves ... 264
Lord Rosebery as a Man of Letters. By Hector Macpherson 265

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS 270

NEW BOOKS—
Not Lancelot, but Galahad. By Dr. William Barry 271
Mr. Benson's Poems 273
Dumouriez 273
Halfway House. By Lewis Melville 274
Social Psychology. By Professor John Adams 274
Beethoven. By George Sampson 277
Least Known Europe 277
Tolstoy. By Edward Thomas... 278
Ninon de l'Enclos. By F. G. B. 279
Baldassare Castiglione 279
Naturalist and Mystic. By T. Seccombe 280

NOVEL NOTES—
Green Ginger—Stranleigh's Millions—Mirage—The Man who Lived—Beyond the Sky-line—The Adventures of Louis Blake—Rogues Fall Out—The Hand of the Spoiler—A Prince of Dreamers—Betty Brent, Typist 281-3

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
Rossetti—Romance of Empire: India—Tyburn Tree—Valladolid, etc.—Poems of Edgar Allan Poe—Memorials of Old London—The Oxford Thackeray 283-6

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 286

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 288

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We are indebted to Messrs. Harrap and to the Dodge Publishing Company, New York, for permission to reproduce from their "Oriental Edition" of FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" two of Miss Hanscom's exquisite illustrations, including the one we have used for our presentation plate; and to Messrs. Routledge & Sons for permission to reproduce from one of their editions of FitzGerald's "Omar" two of Mr. Gilbert James's unique and characteristic drawings, an enlargement of one of which is given on our cover.

For much other help in the preparation of this number we are greatly indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney; Mr. W. W. Welton, of Farlingay Hall, Ipswich; Mr. Frank Woolnough, the Curator of the Ipswich Museum; Mr. F. G. Bain, Mr. John Long, and Mr. Clement K. Shorter, each of whom has kindly lent us portraits, photographs, or sketches, and permitted the reproduction of them.

We are to have a new volume of poems from Sir A. Conan Doyle. His "Songs of Action," published nine years ago, has gone through seven or eight editions, and this has led him to collect the poems he has written since then. They make a somewhat larger volume than the first, and Messrs. Smith Elder have it in hand for early publication.

If proof were needed that Sir Conan Doyle has happily recovered from his recent illness, the number of literary schemes he has in hand would seem to furnish it. He is just now experimenting upon a new sort of historical work to which he is giving the name of "Through the Mists." It will take the form of a series of sketches giving vivid glimpses of the past, keeping very closely to the truth of history, and introducing only that minimum of fiction that enables an author to get colour and human comment into his picture. He has, moreover, completed two plays. One, "In the Days of the Regent," which is so realistic that it will need a daring manager to produce it, is a study of the Prize Ring at the time when it was a national institution; the other combines philosophy with adventure, and is to be called "The Fires of Fate." It will be produced later in the year, probably with Mr. Aubrey Smith to fill the part of the hero.

A book that will be looked forward to with more than ordinary anticipation is Mr. Maurice Hewlett's first volume of poems, "Artemision: Idylls and

Songs," which is to be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews next month. A glance through the advance proofs qualifies us to add that Mr. Hewlett's verse is as finely wrought and as strongly individual as his prose. The Idylls re-tell some of the deathless stories of the mythology of Greece; and Idylls and Lyrics alike have a quaint, tender grace and dainty fancifulness that were the common property of the Elizabethan singers, but come now into modern poetry with an air of delightful newness.

"The Dartmoor House that Jack Built," Mr. John Trevena's new book, is a broad satire, and if it teaches anything it is this, says Mr. Trevena: "Let criticism be done decently, if not with intellect at least with honesty. A writer is not necessarily a brute because he deals with unpleasant subjects, and in 'The Dartmoor House that Jack Built' I have merely portrayed myself, drawn the figure that my critics have imagined—not all of them, of course, but the majority." A good many critics have referred to Mr. Trevena as a disciple of Hardy, Phillpotts, Zola, but he assures us that he never reads modern books, and, as a fact, has not read anything of either of those authors. His creed is that it is a mistake for the modern writer to steep himself in the work of his contemporaries, and then sit down, saturated with their ideas, and expect to be original.

Already Mr. Trevena is engaged upon his new novel, "Granite," which he hopes to have finished in time for publication this year. This is the second book in the trilogy of which "Furze" was the first, and will be followed by "Bracken," that is to symbolise "the mysterious side of life, which may be the best."

Mr. John Trevena.

Photo by H. Mills, Hampstead. **Mr. Granville Barker.**

The volume of "Three Plays" that Mr. Granville Barker is publishing with Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson includes "The Marrying of Ann Leete," a comedy of the eighteenth century, first performed by the Stage Society; "The Voysey Inheritance," one of the successes of the remarkable Vedrenne-Barker management of the Court Theatre; and "Waste," the production of which at the end of 1907 was attended by circumstances that will be readily recalled. One discerning critic, speaking of "Waste," said it proved what "The Voysey Inheritance" had led some of us to suspect, that in Mr Granville Barker we possess "a dramatist in a class by himself—the first class."

The latest publication by Count Tolstoy, "What is the Solution?" has been confiscated by the Russian police. Tolstoy discusses in this book the gradual impoverishment of the peasant classes, and points out that it is bound to lead to fresh political disturbances.

Mr. S. R. Crockett writes very kindly with reference to the symposium on the "Early Struggles of Popular Novelists" that appeared in our January Number. Our letter to him on the subject has only now reached him after some delays, but though the time for answering it has gone past, "not to say anything," he adds, "is impossible and unpardonable. Therefore I will only put down the bare facts of my early literary life. I

edited a paper for £40 a year—oh, so badly!—but then I wrote most of it myself, so I cannot think I was overpaid. From another paper I received 7s. 6d. a column of 1,000 words for my 'Stickit Minister' stories, which makes about a guinea a story. But, then, for the latter ones I was not paid. I bargained for £60 for the entire serial rights of 'The Lilac Sunbonnet,' *but*—I never saw a farthing of the money. As soon, however, as I reached book form I had no trouble, the publisher being satisfied with ten editions of 'The Stickit Minister' in a year, and I, for one, astonished as well. Then I put my work into the hands of Messrs. A. P. Watt & Sons, and lived happy ever after. In those early days I used literature as a staff and not yet as a crutch; still, 7s. 6d. per thousand may well encourage the 'disappointed and struggling.'"

Mr. J. E. Preston Muddock's remarkable book, 'For God and the Czar," has just been translated into Japanese, the translator being the well-known Japanese litterateur, Kichizo Nakamura, while the publisher is Tamijiro Takikawa, of Tokio, the principal publishing house in Japan. "For God and the Czar" was issued several years ago by George Newnes, Ltd., at a time when the Jewish massacres in Russia were horrifying the world. Since then it has gone through numerous editions and has been translated into many languages, including Yiddish.

Nash's Magazine, Mr. Eveleigh Nash's new monthly, begins its career this month, and has a list of famous contributors that it would be difficult to surpass. The first number will contain short stories by Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope, H. A. Vachell, Max Pemberton, Frank Richardson, William le Queux, Morley Roberts, and other well-known writers, and the opening instalment of a serial by Rider Haggard. The contributors to succeeding numbers will include Conan Doyle, Robert Hichens, A. E. W. Mason, Eden Phillpotts, E. F. Benson, Agnes and Egerton Castle, Baroness Von Hutten, Arnold Bennett, Keble Howard, George R. Sims, Baroness Orczy, and, in fact, nearly all the most prominent novelists of the day. The magazine will not be illustrated, but a picture cover in colours by a leading artist will be a monthly feature. The price is to be sixpence net, and No. 1 will be ready on March 27. It seems superfluous to wish *Nash's Magazine* success; with such an enterprising, energetic proprietor behind it its success is practically a foregone conclusion.

Amid the numerous anniversaries just now attracting attention, the centenary of one true poet's birth appears likely to be overlooked. On March 10, 1809, Thomas Gordon Hake was born at Leeds. In his "Memoirs of Eighty Years," the poet claims kinship with many notable persons, the most distinguished being the hero of Khartoum. A less renowned kinsman gave the boy a nomination for Christ's Hospital. He seems to have left the school without regret, and after some further training was placed under an eminent surgeon, and entered as a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Eventually he passed through several British and foreign kindred institutions, and became a medical practitioner.

Hake's first volume, "Poetic Lucubrations," was printed in 1828. It is never referred to in any account of the author; is not mentioned in his autobiographical "Memoirs," and is practically *introuvable*. In 1839 he published "The Piromides," a tragedy dealing with Egyptian mysteries. Later followed an anonymous, privately issued work styled "The World's Epitaph." In 1871 a revised version of this poem was included in "Madeline, with Other Poems." The volume attracted no little notice and brought Hake's name before the public as that of a genuine poet. "The World's Epitaph" is written in diverse metres, and ranges through the various circumstances of life. "Madeline" is a lengthy narrative poem, embodying a suggested story of injured innocence and its avenge-

Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Photo by Algernon W. Smith, Wrexham. **Mr. Bart Kennedy.**

ment. Hake wrote that having given a lecture on "Sleep, Dreams, Sleep-walking and the Mesmeric State," he conceived the idea of conducting a human soul through these states, and that "Madeline" was the result. The varying metres delighted Dante Rossetti, but Westland Marston was right in saying that there was too much machinery in the poem. The "Other Poems" made the volume famous. "The Lily of the Valley" is a lovely little rustic lyric, written in homely picturesque verse, but it is overpowered by the realistic truth of its companion, "The Deadly Nightshade," a poem as terrible in its way as Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," and more artistic. The famous ballad of "Old Souls" first appears in this volume.

In 1872 Hake published "Parables and Tales," with illustrations by Arthur Hughes; "New Symbols" in 1876, and in 1879 "Legends of the Morrow." "Maiden Ecstasy" appeared in 1880; "The Serpent Play" in 1883, and "The New Day" in 1890. All these volumes contained poems sustaining, if they did not enhance, their author's reputation. Selections from his poems, with a Prefatory Note by Alice Meynell and a portrait by Dante Rossetti, were issued in 1894. In 1895 Dr. Hake ended his lengthy and useful life.

Mr. Bart Kennedy makes something of a new departure in "The Vicissitudes of Flynn," which Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing almost immediately. It is a series of stories mainly in the lighter vein. The adventures of Flynn are too realistic to be always laughable, but there is more of humour in the book than in any that Mr. Bart Kennedy has hitherto given us.

"The Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Carl Schurz, the famous German-American politician, has just been published in Germany. The translation has been made from the English by Mary Nolte.

Messrs. Harrap are preparing for publication in the autumn "The Centenary Edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." The book will be beautifully produced in colour; in the production of it the artist, Mr. Willy Pogany, is assisted by a competent Orientalist, and the artist's work will, therefore, faithfully preserve the spirit of the poem. The volume will consist of about 176 pages; every printed page will be in colours, and the book is to contain various features of special interest to lovers of "Omar" that should make this edition a unique and every way desirable souvenir of the FitzGerald Centenary.

Messrs. Alston Rivers ask us to announce that the publication of "Salome and the Head," which was to have been out on February 17, has had to be postponed for the present.

Touching on THE BOOKMAN'S announcement of Mr. Hector Macpherson's article on "Lord Rosebery as a Man of Letters," Mr. Percy L. Parker has an interesting note in *Public Opinion*. "Lord Rosebery once told me," he says, "how in his early days he came under the spell of Macaulay. As a boy he was taking part in the game of snapdragon, when unfortunately—or fortunately, perhaps—he burned his fingers so badly that he had to keep to his bed. Then some one lent him Macaulay's 'Essays' to read, and he read them with immense interest. . . . Another time Lord Rosebery told me that he by no means despised Mrs. Henry Wood's 'East Lynne,' as it interested him greatly when he read it as a boy at Eton School."

Mr. V. S. Sanjiva Rao, a BOOKMAN reader in India, sends us a very interesting letter and the

photograph which we reproduce on this page. Mr. Sanjiva Rao says he believes that Bangalore, his own city, is the only place in India where the Milton Tercentenary was celebrated on anything of a grand scale. Europeans and Indians of both sexes took part in the proceedings, which were organised by the Friends' Union. Mrs. Alfred Hay, wife of Dr. Hay, of the Indian Institute of Engineering, read a paper on "Samson Agonistes"; Mr. J. S. Chakravarthi, Comptroller of the Government of Mysore, delivered an address on the life of Milton; Mr. K. Ramachendra gave a lecture on the "Paradise Lost," the Rev. A. Brockbank on "Paradise Regained," and the minor poems of Milton were dealt with by Mr. Narasimba Moorthy Rao, recitations by various students being given in the intervals. Among the audience were three Indian Judges of the Chief Court, the Senior Councillor of Government, the retired Councillors, and other distinguished men, Mr. Copeland, the First Assistant Resident, who is seen in the centre of the photographic group, acting as chairman of the meeting.

When authors turn publishers they generally fail; but when a publisher turns author he is mostly more successful. A piquant interest attaches to a new novel entitled "Love and Battles" by F. Sidgwick which is to be published shortly by Mr. Andrew Melrose. The author is a publisher himself; partner in Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, a new firm that has already produced several highly distinctive books; the novel was sent to Mr. Melrose last year in competition for his two hundred and fifty guinea prize, and it was only after the award had been made that the identity concealed behind the pen-name was discovered. Mr. Sidgwick is quite a young man, who, after he came down from Cambridge, learned publishing with Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen. Another publisher to appear as author is Mr. Laurie Magnus, one of the managing directors of Messrs. George Routledge. Mr. Magnus, whose fine literary gift has already been proved in several publications, has undertaken to write for Mr. Melrose a history of "English Literature in the Nineteenth Century." The book, which is nearing completion, is to appear during the spring, and will be dedicated by permission to Mr. George Meredith.

Mrs. B. M. Croker, whose new novel, "Katherine the Arrogant," has just made its appearance, has dramatised her well-known Irish novel "Terence," and the play, a comedy in four acts, will be produced by Mr. Murray Carson and a strong company at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, on March 1.

Lack of space compels us to hold over the "Bookman Gallery" article on John Masefield until our April number, among the contents of which will also be articles on "Spencer Perceval" by Lewis Melville, and on "Boswell's Letters to Temple" by Y.Y.

Photo by Felix S. Wecksler, Bangalore.

Celebrating the Milton Tercentenary at Bangalore.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *February* 18, 1909.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON—it is at her own wish that one refers to her thus baldly, for that ungraceful title "Mrs." is something which she particularly dislikes—has a distinct popularity in England both as a writer and as a woman.

Mrs. Atherton is now in her home State—California—living on the top of a mountain. Her address is Tavern of Tamalpais, and this is what she said about it when she wrote to me recently:

"There is a very luxurious hotel called 'The Tavern' on this mountain (about 3,000 feet high) and rarely a permanent guest. People come up every day, however, to see the magnificent view of ocean, bay, San Francisco and the smaller cities about the bay, islands, and distant mountain ranges, to say nothing of the immediate red-wood forests. I shall stay until the rattle-snakes come out, which—this being bare rock up here—they do as soon as the hot weather comes. Then I shall move down into the red-woods, which are always too cool for them."

Thus interestingly situated Gertrude Atherton is engaged in writing what she describes as "my Munich novel." This story is laid, says she, in the time of the last Ludwig. She goes on to say: "Although there are a number of German characters in the book and it gives a picture of Munich life in that reign, the principal characters are English and Americans. It is possible that the scene will change to London and New York. Macmillan is to publish it, but I have not decided upon the title."

Before Mrs. Atherton leaves California again she expects—as indeed does apparently pretty well every writer of distinction in this country—to write a play. She is also going to write a history of her State in one volume, and to a Californian no task could be more grateful than this. Every one knows the story illustrative of the Californian's pride in California. This story tells how, when he gets to heaven, the Californian is inclined to make odious comparisons betwixt his present and his former residences.

As I have said, Gertrude Atherton is writing a play. Play-writing is an epidemic that is sweeping over the authors of the United States, and cutting down—as the old wives say epidemics always do—those who can least easily be spared. Half the best writers in the country are writing plays, and since one may not at the same time serve the theatre and the bookshop, the bookshops are suffering.

For example—this a particularly regrettable and violent case in the epidemic—Booth Tarkington, the creator of that charming character, "Monsieur Beaucaire," and one of the best-liked writers in America, tells me he has not the least idea when he will begin another book. Together with his collaborator, Mr. H. L. Wilson, he has been at work on a number of plays for the past year, and—to use his own phrase—"is still at it."

Again, Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (whose delightful heroines are accepted by a certain untravelled section of the English public as being typical of all American society) has been playwriting, and will have two plays finished in about ten days. The title of one she is not yet ready to disclose; that of the other—really a playlet in three acts and only one scene—is to be "Eglantina," from her story of that title in "The Fair Lavinia and Others," her last book of short stories.

Mrs. Freeman lives in New Jersey in a town named Metuchen, the pronunciation of which will probably be as difficult to English lips as that of the words Connecticut and Chicago. Then she is working also at her next novel, which is so far nameless, and will be finished and ready for serial publication in May. Meantime she has just written a short story, in connection with which she sends me an interesting little tale.

It seems that not long ago an auction of household and personal effects was announced in a New Jersey paper, and Mrs. Freeman and her husband, Dr. Freeman, decided to be present. Mrs. Freeman was particularly attracted by the idea of going to it because she had not had an opportunity of seeing many auctions.

During the sale a beautiful white lace shawl was put up which so delighted Mrs. Freeman that she told her husband she must secure it. Now—though gifted with a very pretty self-possession under all circumstances—Mrs. Freeman is in no way a forward person, and the idea of having to call out her bid before a big roomful of people did not please her. She soon found out, however, that a nod to the auctioneer at the right moment was just as effective as a spoken bid.

Eager to possess herself of the shawl, she nodded persistently without noticing in her excitement who it was that was bidding against her and was responsible for running up the price of the shawl to such high figures. Finally something made her turn to look for her rival. To her mingled dismay and amusement, she discovered her opponent was her own husband, who also in all innocence had been concentrating his attention on the auctioneer, bent on securing the pretty shawl for his wife.

This decidedly human little episode is the foundation of Mrs. Freeman's just completed and as yet unpublished short story called "The Auction." With one exception—so she tells me—this is the only time Mrs. Freeman has ever gone out and brought a story-plot home with her. Most of her plots and all of her characters emanate from her own brain, and though life-like, she does not draw either incidents or personages from life.

At the risk even of seeming to over-emphasise my point, I will mention still another author who is bending her attention toward playwriting. This is Mrs. Katrina Trask, well known in England as the author of books of verse ("Night and Morning," etc.). Her play has already come to the stage and has caused a considerable sensation amongst New York's cultivated people. The play is called "The Little Town of Bethlehem," and has for its background the episode of the Nativity. Mrs. Trask has achieved something unprecedented in playwriting in that she has managed to write a religious

play which is at once free from anything which could jar on the most reverent, and is yet as full of real intensity of interest as a modern society comedy. The biblical element forms a background for the moving love-story of a Roman beauty who is afflicted with leprosy and cured of it by a divine miracle.

Mrs. Trask's achievement is rendered the more remarkable by the fact that she is unable to use her eyes, and compelled to spend her days in a black room. So handicapped, she does all her writing, and in the case of "The Little Town of Bethlehem" even composing the music also. Her method is to write by feeling, her manuscripts being afterwards copied and read back to her by her secretary.

I have myself seen some of Mrs. Trask's writing, which is as plain as any one's, indeed far plainer than that of most authors. The only peculiarity it possesses is that each sentence is written as a paragraph by itself, thereby showing that when the writer pauses and raises her pen, it is only by guess-work that she sets it down again. There is a courage in this that is more than historic.

What will come as rather a rude shock to some persons is the fact that Thoreau's "Walden," as Thoreau wrote it, is only now about to be published for the first time, and that all the present editions of the work are lacking to the extent of about twelve thousand words. It appears that the first publishers cut the work unmercifully, and that this cutting has been allowed to stand in all subsequent editions. Now the original manuscript has turned up. It was willed by Thoreau to a friend in Massachusetts, who, not knowing its value, gave it, together with the contents of a trunk, to somebody else. Finally it got into the hands of a more appreciative person and now it will be published. All this came out at a recent dinner of the Bibliophile Society, one of whose members is Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

Rudyard Kipling has a new book coming out in this country, by which fact the Eagle of America is given an opportunity to crow over John Bull's Lion, for the book—according to present arrangements—will not appear in England. It will make a little volume, which will sell at ninety cents (about 3s. 9d.). Its title is "With the Night Mail," and it is to be published this spring by Doubleday, Page & Co. "With the Night Mail" recounts the experiences of the postal packet "162"—an airship—on her aerial run from London to Quebec, her time for the trip being something like twelve hours! The action takes place at about the year 2000 A.D., and Mr. Kipling represents "162's" engineer as complaining at his paltry 200 to 300 miles an hour, and dreaming how "some day—even on the Equator—we shall hold the sun level in his full stride."

America has a well-known inability to do anything in moderation and is proving how amply she has deserved this criticism by the violent form of her literary celebration of Lincoln's centenary. This month all the magazines except those that pride themselves—to quote the words of one of the editors of one of the greatest of the New York monthlies—on "never being timely," are running page upon page about Lincoln. Meantime volumes of Lincolniana are pouring off the presses. One book reviewer of my acquaintance received in one day as many as eight different Lincoln books for criticism, and these eight are far from being all that have been published for the Centenary.

I was introduced recently to an author who, though sufficiently well known to have a name which sounded familiar, was not known to me by his achievements. Guessing at my ignorance, he asked: "Do you know what my claim to greatness is?"

I said I did not.

"I am," said he, "the only able-bodied literary man in this country who has not written a single line about Lincoln."

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

March 1 to April 1, 1909.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

DUDLEY, GEORGIANA, COUNTESS OF.—Dudley Book of Cookery and Household Recipes. 7s. 6d. net.
KEMPSON, REV. F. CLAUDE.—"The Greenfinch" Cruise. A Cure for all Ills. 5s. net.
LOUIS, PROF. HENRY.—The Dressing of Minerals. 30s. net.
MUMM, A. L.—Five Months in the Himalaya. 21s. net.
THOMAS, H. H., and D. A. MACALISTER.—Geology of Ore Deposits. 7s. 6d. net.
WARDLE, JANE.—Margery Pigeon. 6s.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

AYSCOUGH, JOHN.—Dromina. 6s.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BROWNE, EDITH A.—Greek Architecture. With full-page Illustrations reproduced from Photographs. 3s. 6d. net.
HODGSON, W. EARL.—An Angler's Season. 3s. 6d. net.
VAILE, P. A.—Modern Golf. With 100 Reproductions of Action Photographs of George Duncan. 7s. 6d. net.
Hampshire. Painted by Wilfrid Ball, R.F. Described by Telford Varley. With 75 full-page Illustrations in Colour and a Sketch Map. 20s. net.
Lausanne. Painted by J. Hardwicke Lewis and May Hardwicke Lewis. Described by Francis H. Gribble. With 20 full-page Illustrations in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.
The Heart of Scotland. By A. R. Hope Moncrieff. With 24 full-page Illustrations in Colour by Sutton Palmer, and a Sketch Map. 7s. 6d. net.
Tom Browne, R.B.A., R.I. With examples of the Artist's work in Brush, Pen, and Pencil. (Brush, Pen, and Pencil Series.) 3s. 6d. net.
Worcestershire. Painted by Thomas Tyndale. Described by A. G. Bradley. With 24 full-page Illustrations in Colour and a Sketch Map. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons.

BUTE, JOHN, MARQUESS OF, K.T. (Translated by).—The Roman Breviary. A New Edition in 4 vols. £2 2s. net.
FRASER, DAVID.—The Short Cut to India. The record of a journey along the route of the Baghdad Railway. 12s. 6d. net.
Historical Records of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. £3 3s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

GULICK, LUTHER H., D.D.—Mind and Work. 3s. 6d. net.
HAGGARD, H. RIDER.—The Yellow God. An Idol of Africa. With Frontispiece in Colours and 2 Half-tone Plates by A. Michael. 6s.
KINROSS, ALBERT.—The Love-Brokers. With Frontispiece in Colours by P. B. Hickling. 6s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

COLLINS, WILKIE.—The Haunted Hotel. 6d.
HARTE, BRET.—Three Partners. 6d.
HOLMES, C. J., M.A.—The Science of Picture-making. 7s. 6d. net.
READE, CHARLES.—A Woman-hater. 6d.
SIMS, GEORGE R.—Mary Jane Married. 6d.
SYRETT, NETTA.—A Castle of Dreams: A Romance. 6s.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark.

CLARKE, PROF. WILLIAM NEWTON, D.D.—The Christian Doctrine of God. (International Theological Library.)
GEDEN, ALFRED S.—Introduction to the Hebrew Bible.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

DUMVILLE, B.—Science of Speech. 2s. 6d.
GOGGIN, S. E.—Shakespeare: Hamlet. 2s.
KIRKMAN, F. B. B.—Modern Language Teaching. 1s.
STANWELL, H. B.—Cæsar, Civil War. Book III. Introduction, Text and Notes, 2s. 6d. Vocabulary, 1s. Translation, 1s. 6d. In one volume, 4s. 6d.
WEEKS, A. R.—Shakespeare: As you Like It. 2s.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

BAYLEY, HAROLD.—A New Light on the Renaissance. 12s. 6d. net.
COOPER, C. S., and W. P. WESTELL.—Trees and Shrubs of British Isles. Part I. (To be completed in 16 parts.) 1s. net.
KALISCHER, DR. ALF.—Beethoven's Letters. Translated by J. S. Sheddock, B.A. 2 vols. 21s. net.
MUTHER, PROF. RICHARD.—History of Modern Painting. Part I. (To be completed in 22 parts.) 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co.

CAROTTI, DR. GUILIO.—A History of Art. Vol. II. The Middle Ages. With over 300 Illustrations 5s. net.
GALSWORTHY, JOHN.—Plays: The Silver Box, Joy, Strife. 6s.
MORET, SENOR BERUETE Y.—The School of Madrid. With 48 Illustrations. 7s. 6d net.
SELINCOURT, BASIL DE.—William Blake. With 40 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Francis Griffiths.

HEATH, SIDNEY.—The Romance of Symbolism. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.
VAILE, P. A.—America's Peril (satirical and descriptive). 6s. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

COOPER, FENIMORE.—Deerslayer. 1s. net.
HOLBROOK, FLORENCE.—A Book of Nature Myths. 1s. net.
HOLBROOK, FLORENCE.—Northland Heroes. 1s. net.
McSPADDEN, J. W.—Story of Siegfried. 1s. net.
NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT.—Fables and Nursery Tales. 1s. net.
WILMOT-BUXTON, E. M.—Tales from the Eddas. 1s. net.
The above are the first 6 volumes of "All-Time Tales," with 9 full-page Illustrations in each book.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

BELL, J. J.—Oh, Christina! 1s. net.
BOYD, MARY STUART.—The First Stone. 6s.
DIMOCK, A. W. and JULIAN A.—Florida Enchantments. 12s. net.
GARVICE, CHARLES.—The Scribblers' Club. 1s. net.
GERARD, MORICE.—A Fair Refugee. 6s.
LUBBOCK, PERCY.—Pepys. (Literary Lives.) 3s. 6d.
MASON, A. E. W.—Running Water. 6d.
MEADE, L. T.—The Girl and Her Fortune. 6d.
OXENHAM, JOHN.—Rising Fortunes. 6d.
SAUNDERS, M. BAILLIE.—A Shepherd of Kensington. 6d.
STAWELL, MRS. RODOLPH.—Motor Tours in Yorkshire. 5s. net.
The Territorial Year Book. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

BAILLIE REYNOLDS, MRS.—A False Position. 6s.
BANKS, ELIZABETH.—Mystery of Frances Farrington. 6s.
BRADDON, MISS M. E.—Our Adversary. 6s.
HUTTEN, BARONESS VON.—Kingsmead. 6s.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—Three Brothers. 6s.
SABATINI, RAFAEL.—St. Martin's Summer. 6s.
SIEROSZEWSKI, WACLAW.—A Flight from Siberia. 6s.
SLADE, A. T.—The Alternative. 6s.
WILSON WILSON, THEODORA.—The Bargain. 6s.

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.

ALLEN, GRANT.—The Jaws of Death. New Edition. 6d.
ANDOM, R.—We Three and Troddles. New Edition. 3s. 6d.
BAYLY, E. BOYD.—Zachary Brough's Venture. New Edition. 3s. 6d.
CUNDALL, JAMES, and EDWARD STEP.—The Everyday Book of Natural History. New Edition. 3s. 6d.
GORDON, JOHN.—Three Children of Galilee. New Edition. 3s. 6d.
JOHNSTON, ANNIE FELLOWS.—The Little Colonel. New Edition. 1s. 6d.
JOKAI, MAURICE.—The Yellow Rose. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. John Long.

BLYTH, JAMES.—The Member for Easterby. 6s.
DAVIS, JESSIE AINSWORTH.—A Forsaken Garden. 6s.
FRANCIS, M. E.—Noblesse Oblige. 6s.
GERARD, DOROTHEA.—Pomp and Circumstance. 6s.
GOULD, NAT.—The Magic of Sport. 12s. 6d. net.
GRANT, MRS. COLQUHOUN.—Brittany to Whitehall. 12s. 6d. net.
TAUNTON, WINEFRIDE TRAFFORD-.—The Threshold. 6s.
WALES, HUBERT.—Cynthia in the Wilderness. 1s.

Messrs. Methuen & Co.

BONNOR, MARY L.—Botticelli. With a Frontispiece in Photogravure and 32 other Illustrations. (Little Books on Art.) 2s. 6d. net.
CAPES, BERNARD.—The Love Story of St. Bel. 6s.
CRUTTWELL, C. T., M.A.—The Saxon Church and the Norman Conquest. (Handbooks of English Church History.) 2s. 6d. net.
DEANS, STORRY R.—The Trials of Five Queens. With 12 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.
DILLON, EDWARD.—Rubens. With a Frontispiece in Photogravure and about 560 Illustrations. (Classics of Art.) 25s. net.
FOAT, F. W. G., D.Litt., M.A.—The London Reader for Young Citizens. With Plans and Illustrations. 1s. 6d.
GLOVER, T. R., M.A.—The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire. 7s. 6d. net.
GWYNN, STEPHEN, M.P.—A Holiday in Connemara. With many Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.
HOLDSWORTH, W. S., M.A.—A History of English Law. In 3 vols. With a Plan. Vols II. and III. Each 10s. 6d. net.
KERR, S. PARNELL.—George Selwyn and the Wits. With 16 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.
LODGE, E. C.—The End of the Middle Ages, 1273-1453. With many Maps. 2s. 6d.
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE.—The Blue Bird: A Fairy Play in Five Acts. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 3s. 6d. net.
MAUDE, J. H., M.A.—The Foundations of the English Church. (Handbooks of English Church History.) 2s. 6d. net.
MEAKIN, A. H.—Galicia. 40 pages of Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.
OXENHAM, JOHN.—My Lady of Shadows. 6s.
WALFORD, MRS. L. B.—Troublesome Daughters. 6d.

Mr. John Murray.

CATLING, THOMAS (Editor).—The Press Album. 2s. 6d. net. Limited Edition at 21s. net.
CECIL, ALGERNON.—Six Oxford Thinkers.
CONDER, COL. C. R., LL.D.—The City of Jerusalem.
CRANMER-BYNG, L.—A Lute of Jade. (Wisdom of the East Series.) 1s. net.
CUST, MRS. HENRY.—Gentleman Errant.
DUCHESNE, ABBÉ L.—The Early History of the Church.
FORSYTH, DAVID, M.D., D.Sc.—Children in Health and Disease.
LINDSAY, CAPT. A. B. (Translated by).—The Military Memoirs of General Kuropatkin. Edited by Major E. S. Swinton, D.S.O.
MALMESBURY, SUSAN, COUNTESS OF (LADY ARDAGH).—Major-General Sir John Ardagh.
MANNING, FREDERIC.—Scenes and Portraits.
MORESBY, ADMIRAL JOHN.—Two Admirals.
SODDY, FREDERICK.—The Interpretation of Radium. (Progressive Science Series.)
WOLLASTON, SIR ARTHUR, K.C.I.E.—Tales Within Tales. (Romance of the East Series.)

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

LEES, REV. HARRINGTON C., M.A.—When Jesus Came: An Easter Evening Meditation. ("The Living Thoughts" Series.) 6d. net.
WELSH, BEATRICE W.—An African Girl: The Story of Ma Eno. With 8 full-page Illustrations. 1s. 6d.
In the Gladness of God: Personal Recollections of Ida Hay. By two of her friends, Hester Campbell and Harriet Fairfax. With 2 Portraits. 1s. net.
Memories of Horatius Bonar, D.D. By Relatives and Public Men. Memorial volume in connection with the Centenary of the Birth of Dr. Bonar. With Portrait in photogravure. 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

ANONYMOUS.—Resurrectio Christi.
CECILIA, MADAME (Translated by).—Dr. Wasmann's "Evolution."
RIVIÈRE, J., D.D.—The Doctrine of Atonement. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.
ROBBINS, HAROLD.—The Finding of Mercia.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

ANDERSON, A. J.—The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi. 10s. 6d. net.
BRINTON, CHRISTIAN.—Modern Artists. 25s. net.
BURGIN, G. B.—The Trickster. 6s.
CAFFIN, CHAS. and CAROLINE A.—The Appreciation of the Drama. 7s. 6d. net.
HODGSON, WILLIAM HOPE.—The Ghost Pirates. 6s.
"PARABELLUM."—Banzai! 6s.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

DE LACOSTE, MAJOR DE BOUILLANE.—Around Afghanistan. Translated from the French by J. G. Anderson. With 5 Maps and 113 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.
Pitman's Natural History Pictures of Animals and Birds. With descriptive notes by R. Lydekker, F.R.S. Mounted on thick cardboard and varnished. 1s. each picture.

Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

BOWEN, MARJORIE.—Black Magic: A Tale of the Rise and Fall of Anti-Christ. 6s.
NEWTE, HORACE W. C.—The Wife. (Evergreen Novels.) 1s. net.
TREVENA, JOHN.—Arminel of the West. (Evergreen Novels.) 1s. net.

Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons.

BARRETT, EDMUND, M.B., B.Sc.—The Family Doctor. 5s.
BENSON, CLAUDE E.—British Mountaineering. A Practical Handbook. 5s.
BRUCE, H.—Letters from Malabar and on the Way.
DALE, ALICE M.—Duncan Falconer's Revenge. 6s.
JEFFERY, MRS.—Fortunes of a Fair Free-Lance. 6s.

The Walter Scott Publishing Co.

A DENTAL SURGEON.—The Care of the Teeth. 1s.
BEANLAND, WILLIAM.—The Case Against Socialism. Plainly stated for the Man in the Street. 1s.
JANNAWAY, F. G.—A Godless Socialism. Third Edition. 3d.
NOY, LAURA G. B.—Idyls of Light and Shade. 1s.
REID, EADIE.—Sir John Everett Millais. 3s. 6d. net.
WINGATE, A. K. P.—Life of John Ruskin. 1s. 6d.

Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes.

BARON, HAROLD, B.Sc.—The Chemical Industry on the Continent. 1s. 6d. net.
BENT, MRS.—The Anglo-Saxons in Palestine, 1s. net.
JONES, W. H. S.—Malaria and Greek History. 5s. net.
McELROY, WM.—The Early History of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. 5s. net.
WALSH, WM.—Random Recollections of a Commercial Traveller.

Messrs. Siegle, Hill & Co.

McLAUGHLIN, J.—English-Italian and Italian-English Dictionary. 2 vols. in one. 6s.
Hill's Miniature Dutch-English and English-Dutch Dictionary. 2 vols. in one. 2s. net.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MAUDE, COL. F. N.—The Jena Campaign. (Special Campaign Series.) 5s. net.
THEAL, DR. GEO. McCALL.—History and Ethnography of South Africa before 1795. Vol. II. 7s. 6d.
Sherwood Foresters' Annual, 1909. 5s. net.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

BRIGHTWEN, MRS.—Eliza Brightwen. The Life and Thoughts of a Naturalist. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. 5s. net.
DALTON, MORAY.—Olive in Italy. 6s.
ENOCK, C. REGINALD.—Mexico. 10s. 6d. net.
GRAY, THOMAS.—The Buried City of Kenfig. 10s. 6d. net.
HARDY, REV. E. J.—How to get Married. Cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net.
MARTINENGO-CESARESCO, COUNTESS.—The Place of Animals in Human Thought. 12s. 6d. net.
MÜNSTERBERG, HUGO.—Psychology and Crime. 5s. net.
WHITECHURCH, VICTOR L.—The Canon's Dilemma. 6s.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

ANGUS, ORME.—Sarah Tuldon's Lovers. 6s.
FRYERS, AUSTIN.—Purple and Homespun. 6s.
GALLON, TOM.—Tinman. 6d.
LEIGHTON, MARIE CONNOR.—Money. 6s.
LE QUEUX, WM.—If Sinners Entice Thee. 6d.
MARCHMONT, ARTHUR W.—When I was Czar. 6d.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—The Mother. 1s.
THORNE, GUY.—The Socialist. 6s.
WALLACE, EDGAR.—The Duke in the Suburbs. 6s.
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Sir Morecambe's Marriage. 6s.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate.

DAKIN, W. J.—Pecten. Being Memoir No. 17, Liverpool Marine Biology Committee. 4s. 6d. net.
EUCKEN, PROF. RUDOLF.—The Life of the Spirit. Second Edition. 5s.
HARNACK, DR. ADOLF.—Luke the Physician. (Being Vol. I. of New Testament Studies.) Second Edition. 6s.
LODGE, SIR OLIVER.—Life and Matter. Second Edition with New Matter. 6d. net.
MACCOLL, HUGH.—Man's Origin, Destiny and Duty. 4s. 6d. net.
MATHIEU, C.—Para Rubber Cultivation. Manual of the Planter in Malaysia. 14s. 6d. net.
PICTON, J. ALLANSON.—Man and the Bible. 6s. net.

XUM

THE READER.

EDWARD FITZGERALD
(March 31, 1809—June 14, 1883).

By Arthur C. Benson.

IF there be such things as accidents, it may almost be said of Edward FitzGerald that he became famous by an accident. He, if ever man was, is *homo unius libri*. As was said of Gray, scarcely any writer has ever come down to posterity with so slender a book under his arm. Indeed, Gray and FitzGerald afford many interesting points of comparison: each is famous for a small body of poetical work, slowly and leisurely distilled; each wrote letters full of point and humour and subtle charm, and penetrated with the indefinable flavour of personality; both took the same half-tender, half-regretful, wholly ineffectual view of life, regarding it as a thing aloof and apart, as something boisterous and rude, yet attractive withal, somewhat as a child might peer curiously into the windows of a tavern. But here the parallel between the two men would seem to end. Gray was a serious student, while FitzGerald was essentially a dilettante. Gray was a philosopher where FitzGerald was a sentimentalist; but what is the most notable difference of all, the same fineness of quality runs through all Gray's poetical work, whereas with FitzGerald there seldom was a writer so unequal, so little master of the process by which he was once, and only once, enabled to produce such marvellous work. With the exception of a single lovely lyric, the "Meadows in Spring," which is worthy of a place in the most discriminating anthologies, and the "Omar Khayyam," the writings of FitzGerald are practically negligible, and have no literary significance whatever. They will probably never be reprinted, while it is difficult to determine when or why the multiplication of Omar will cease. The translated dramas from Æschylus, Sophocles, Calderon, over which FitzGerald spent so much time and thought, are accomplished, sound, conscientious work, almost wholly uninteresting and uninspiring. It is the custom to praise the elaborate little platonic dialogue, "Euphranor," as though it were a piece of admirable English prose, but the case can hardly be sustained; it has some picturesque passages, and one transparently beautiful cadence, at the end of the volume, which is the one fragment always triumphantly quoted to prove the merits of the dialogue, and the only specimen of the whole piece with which, it may be safely asserted, the ordinary reader is acquainted. But the dialogue itself is languid, desultory, inconclusive; it is copied not from life, but from Plato; it has neither the sparkle nor the suggestiveness of the master.

Copyright of "The Sphere" Newspaper

Edward FitzGerald.

What then is the nature of the book which is the slender base of FitzGerald's fame, which confers upon this shy, tender-hearted, almost effeminate, and certainly eccentric recluse so transcendent a reputation, which gives him an undisputed right to a centenary, on the one hand, and, on the other, not only makes an acquaintance with and an admiration of "Omar" an inevitable step in the mental and intellectual progress of an enthusiastic boy or girl, but almost a conventional article of a bourgeois code of culture?

The strange fact is that though the book has established this extraordinary hold over the readers of English poetry, has taken its own niche so firmly and so unassailably in the temple of literature, it yet seems that the volume might still be undiscovered, still drifting helplessly about the bookstalls, if it had not been for the fortuitous circumstance of its falling into the hands of the right man at the right moment. It was no doubt Rossetti's discovery of the book that gave it its chance; for Rossetti's opinion was law to a circle destined to permeate—and which was then actually beginning to permeate—the whole of the artistic

From a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

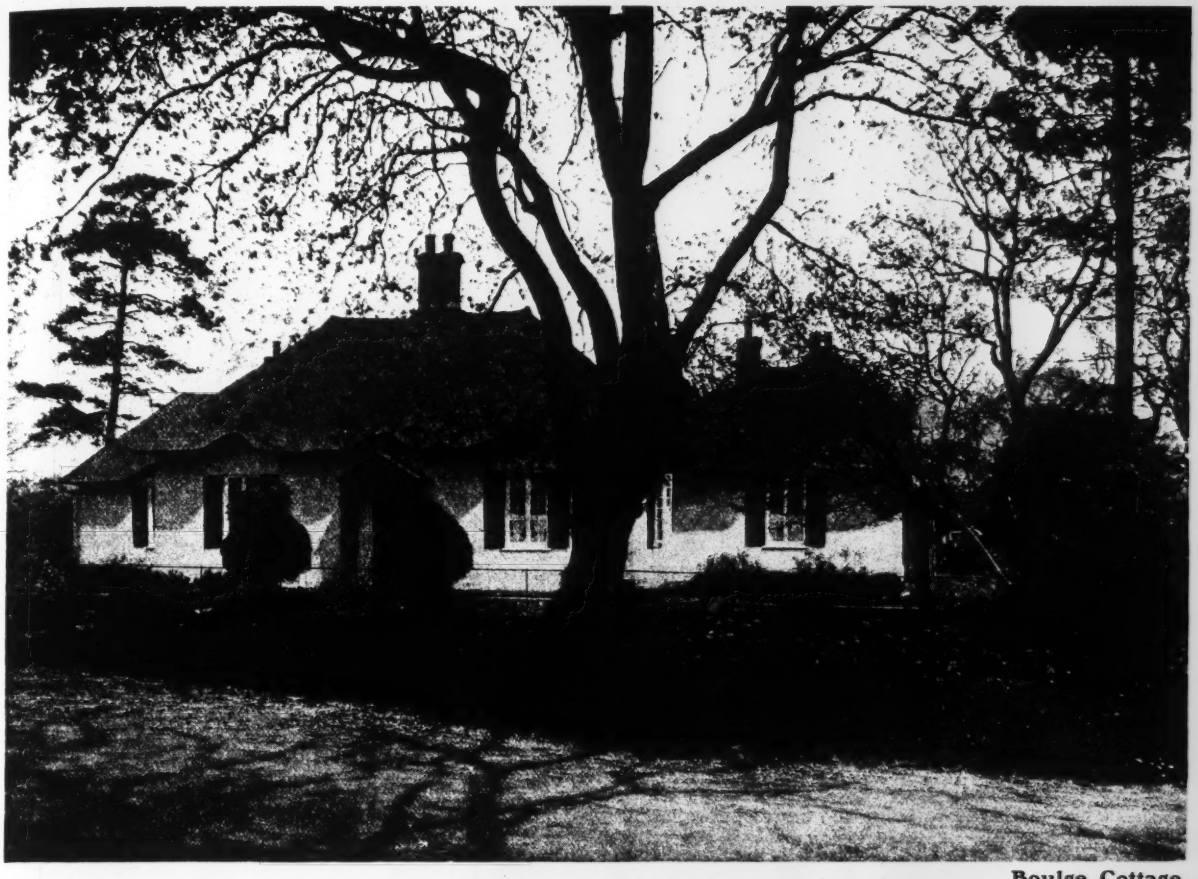
Edward FitzGerald's Mother.

(From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by permission.)

thought of England, as by a subtle leaven; and thus the book came quickly to its own. It is a fruitless quest to indulge in speculative wonder as to what might have been; to be the first to see the quality of the book, under its rich disguises, did require a mind of penetrating insight; and one cannot help wondering whether there may not be books of similar quality lost in the rubbish-heap of the world, books which missed their moment, so to speak, stuck helpless at the ebb when they should have floated off with the flood—for the affection with which books are regarded is enormously augmented by tradition and association, and it is impossible to doubt that there exist books wholly inconspicuous and unregarded, which, if they had but obtained a hearing, would probably have won a secure place in the intellectual affections of the race.

However that may be, there must be at least some cause for the extraordinary hold which "Omar" has won over the present generation; that effect could hardly have been predicted, yet it is by no means difficult to analyse it. In the first place, the poem came at a moment when the old religious faiths were losing their preciseness, and with it forfeiting, not so much their vitality, as the mechanical support which they had afforded to the minds and characters of persons mildly and ingenuously interested in abstract topics. The rich melancholy of "Omar," the sensuousness, wearing so decorous and refined a note of poetical rhetoric, the fatalism which was sentimental rather than pessimistic, the delicate and suggestive handling of those vast problems of destiny and suffering which are so mysteriously attractive as long as the spirit is not brought face to face with their practical issues—all this gives force and weight to the solemn appeal of FitzGerald's sonorous and majestic verse. Then, too, the poem came like a voice out of the darkness of time, floating almost incredibly across the lapse of the centuries; we know now that the resemblance of FitzGerald's poem to the original is not very close in form, and by no means close in spirit and emotion; as Professor Cowell wrote, FitzGerald was wont, in rendering a poem, "to put in some touch of his own large hand . . . beyond the author's outline." It is true that he did this in "Omar"; but he did more—he suppressed even more freely; and thus "Omar," as FitzGerald wrote it, is, when compared with the original, more like a crystallisation of thin and diffuse thought. But the unique success of the poem is due to this, that FitzGerald here found a subject exactly and precisely adapted to his own best faculties, and the very limitations of which were his own limitations. The poem is penetrated with the philosophy of the human spirit at bay, when its questionings are unanswered and all refuge has failed. Omar was a sentimentalist and a lover of beauty, both human and natural; and both Omar and FitzGerald alike were deeply penetrated by the emotion which Tennyson called the Passion of the

The birthplace of Edward FitzGerald. **Bredfield House.**



Boulge Cottage.

Where Edward FitzGerald lived from 1837 to 1853.

Farlingay Hall as it was in FitzGerald's time.

The tree in the foreground was pointed out to Mr. W. W. Welton by FitzGerald as that under which he and Carlyle used to smoke their pipes. Farlingay Hall is now the residence of Mr. Welton, who kindly lends the water-colour by Miss Churchyard (whose father was a local artist of celebrity) from which our illustration is reproduced.

Photo by H. I. Jarman, Bury St. Edmunds.

King Edward the Sixth's School at Bury St. Edmunds.

Where FitzGerald was educated. (From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald.")

Past, the pathos of all sweet things that have an end. All lives are in a certain sense a failure, but on that failure, if it is deliberately faced and not meanly and petulantly resented, is based the vital success of life. FitzGerald's life was one which was a sacrifice to temperament, and it was out of that very sacrifice that the poignancy, the appeal of his poem springs, and it is this that will secure for it—it is hard to believe otherwise—a peculiar and permanent place in the literature of the world.

To turn from the work of the man to the man himself, it may be said that no one was ever less of a hero than FitzGerald; and yet with all his weaknesses, and they were many and deep-seated, his memory has a singular power of entwining itself about the heart. He had no resolution, no sense of responsibility, and but little dignity. His admirers, it is melancholy to reflect, have tended to reduce such dignity as his innocence and unworldliness might have worn by prying too closely into the details of his life, and giving them a publicity which would have been a sore trial to the gentle hermit of Woodbridge if he could have foreseen it. FitzGerald drifted through life, sustaining himself upon great and overpowering affections that were often of the nature of almost abnormal devotions for incongruous and inexplicable people. Yet he had an undoubted genius for friendship; and a man must have been cast in a large mould who could win and retain the devoted love of such spirits as Tennyson, Thackeray and Carlyle. He had no ambitions, no particular principles; his object was to be amused without strain, and occupied without fatigue. He was an individualist who did not recognise that he had any particular duty to humanity at large. But he had many beautiful and admirable qualities. He had a great fineness of critical taste, and laid his finger very surely upon what was best in literature and art. He liked, as he once wrote, to stand by and see the thing done, and to know in himself whether it was well done. But his preferences were eclectic, and he had a certain petulance of judgment which condemned whimsically, and even irritably, anything with which he was not in sympathy. He had great clearness of intellectual vision, penetrating insight, and] a marvellous faculty of delicate observation, which make his personal recollections of the ways and words of his great friends the most illuminating of biographical dicta. But he made up his mind about his tastes too early in his life, and did not develop as the years went on; he had an almost peevish dislike of new writers, and even of new writings by contemporary writers. He was

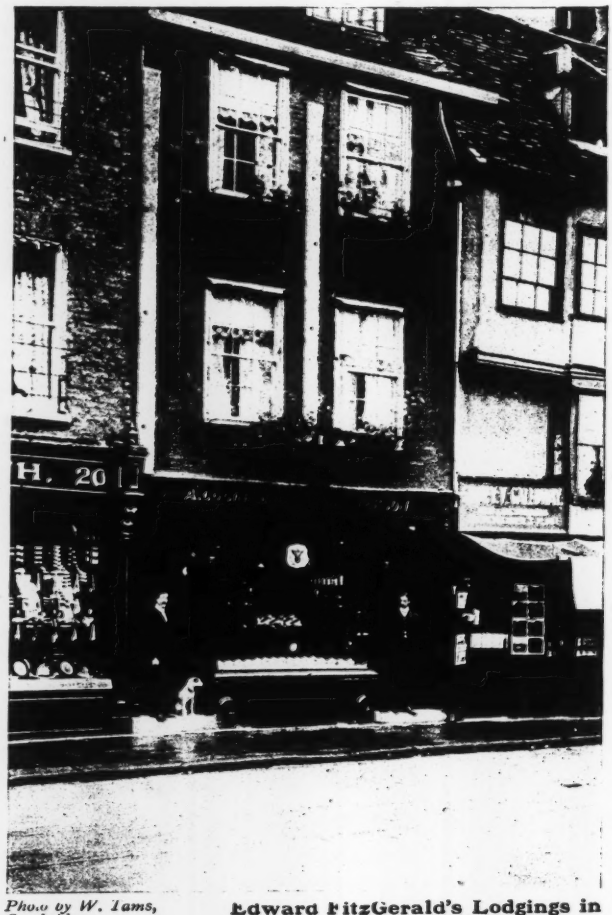


Photo by W. Tams, Cambridge.

Edward FitzGerald's Lodgings in Cambridge, 19, King's Parade.

(From Mr Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by permission.)

From photo lent by Mr. Thomas Wright, Olney.

Mr. Kenworthy Browne.

FitzGerald's great friend, whom he visited nearly every summer up to the time of Browne's death.

Photo by Albert L. Coe, Norwich. Lent by Mr. Thomas Wright, Olney.

Frederick Spalding.

"Among the friends of FitzGerald at Woodbridge was Mr. Frederick Spalding, at one time clerk to Messrs. Newson Garrett, coal, corn, and brick merchants—a bookish man, naturalist and antiquary."

(From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald.")

Photo by A. H. Cade, Ipswich.

Professor Cowell.

(From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald.")

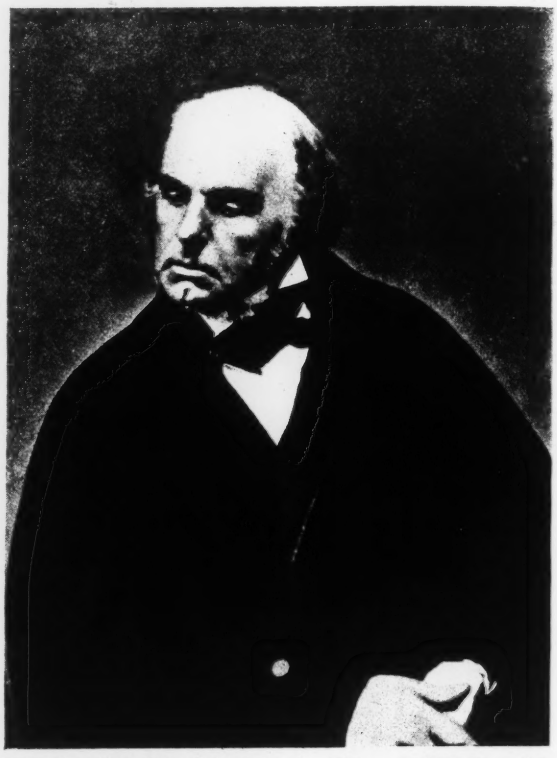
From a painting by Samuel Lawrence.

Bernard Barton.

(From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald.")

for ever bewailing the decay of Tennyson's genius, even before it reached its zenith; and the personal element played so large a part in his judgments that it was said of him that he never cared for anything his friends published, unless it had been shown him in manuscript. This is dimly seen in his judgments on Carlyle. "Carlyle raves and foams, but he has nothing to propose," he wrote in early days; but after making friends with the Sage, he came to think very differently; "there is a bottom of truth in his wildest rhapsodies," was a later conclusion. His staple reading was really the Greek and Latin classics, which he studied quietly and constantly, with his feet on the fender, tasting the flavour, weighing, enjoying, and often enough, like all dreamers, using the text as mere material out of which to spin his own dreams: and the fact remains that, within the circle of his own preferences, his judgments were both exquisite and illuminating; his letters are full of little critical dicta and seldom fail to touch the very essence of the writer he is criticising.

In England we are far too apt, in dealing critically with a writer, to test his work by a sort of moral standard; and even if we can overcome that temptation, to err by attempting to "place" an author, to compare him with other writers, or even to confront him with the standard of his own powers. This is, perhaps, pardonable in preparing for an examination in literature, or in composing a formal history of literary tendencies; but not thus is art appreciated and valued. FitzGerald is essentially an author who must neither be judged nor compared. We must take his innocent eccentric life, his unaccountable temperament, with all its insight and all its weakness, his unequal performance, as it stands, and not otherwise. From a moral standpoint we may criticise it all harshly and stupidly; from the standpoint of art there is nothing to condemn; he lived his life as he could; it was all the direct and inevitable outcome of temperament, and under no other circumstances could his genius have flowered as it did. FitzGerald, after all, has enriched our literature by a single poem of the highest and purest quality, and by a number of letters which, for grace and charm, delicate pathos and wistful humour, are probably unequalled in the language; this is enough to be grateful for, and the rest is silence. But he did more than that; in his inconsistency, his sweetness of mind and heart, his peacefulness, his inconsequent



Copyright of "The Sphere" Newspaper. **Edward FitzGerald.**
A rare portrait.

Edward FitzGerald at his Organ.
Sketched by F. C. Bain after a drawing by Charles Keene, and reproduced by Mr. Bain's permission.

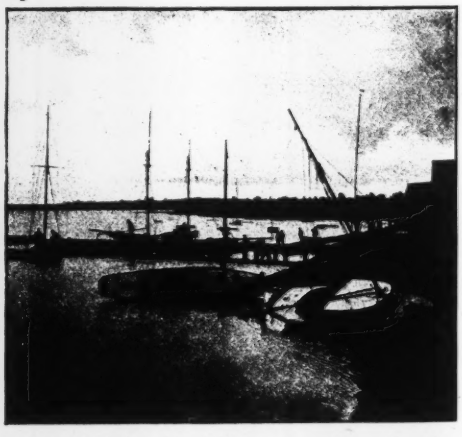


Photo by H. Welton, Woodbridge. **Woodbridge Jetty.**
Lent by Mr. Thomas Wright, Olney.

Photo by Mr. F. Woolnough, Ipswich. **Little Grange, Ipswich.**
Where FitzGerald lived from 1874 to 1883.

dignity, his generosity, his clear-sightedness, his sense of beauty, his mild melancholy—assisted no doubt by the whimsical oddities and eccentricities of his life and habits—he achieves the distinction of being a figure in literary history—a distinction that is apt to fall with an almost deliberate directness upon personalities that seem to be stubbornly bent upon avoiding any such form of recognition, while with a persistent instinct it leaves uncrowned and unregarded men who by character and work and laborious intention seem to have every right to be remembered, but are not. No one could by any show of argument or rhetoric be persuaded to love and admire FitzGerald; but no one who has once loved and admired him can dislodge his memory from mind or heart.

FITZGERALD'S "OMAR."

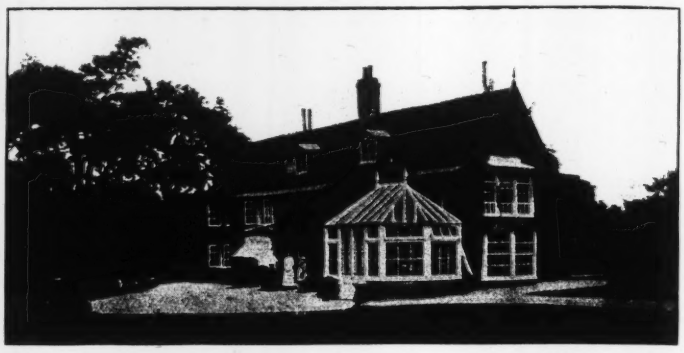
MOST great men only reach the height, as Longfellow says, by toiling whilst their companions sleep; but FitzGerald made an easier ascent—he was carried up by lucky chances and almost against his will. More than half his life had gone by before he accomplished anything that could give him a place in literary history. He was born, as he said of himself, with a silver spoon in his mouth. Necessity never jogged his elbow; he never had to work for the market, or to please any but his own exacting taste; from the beginning of his life to the end of it he had always more than money enough for all his needs. His father was a very ordinary country gentleman, fond of dogs and horses and sport, and caring nothing for books, but his mother was a brilliant, intellectual woman, whose children stood somewhat in awe of her; she was a lover of poetry, ambitious of playing the great hostess and gathering about her dinner-table men of distinction in art and literature and public affairs.

At Cambridge, FitzGerald numbered Thackeray, Monckton Milnes, and James Spedding among his friends; later he became intimate with Tennyson, Carlyle, and other of the giants of his generation. He haunted the old bookshops of Ipswich, and was a discriminating reader; he was always writing verses; contributed to the Poetical Miscellanies of the time; wrote his "Euphranor: A Dialogue of Youth," and published it anonymously; compiled an anthology; made an admirable translation of six of Calderon's dramas; wrote a memoir of his friend Bernard Barton, and, in short, did all such things as the literary dilettante generally does, and might never have done anything else, except perhaps those glorious letters of his, if E. B. Cowell had not started him in the right road with a chance suggestion.

On Cowell's advice, at the age of forty-four, FitzGerald took up the study of Persian; it was Cowell again who came upon a MS. of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam at the Bodleian Library and called Fitz-

Photo lent by Mr. F. Woolnough, Ipswich. **Boulge Hall, Suffolk.**
Where FitzGerald lived for some years.

Gerald's attention to it, and presently made a transcript of it for him. Thereafter, for some years, FitzGerald was leisurely busied about his translation. Persian literature is, as he said, amazingly garrulous; Persian verse has a fatal facility in "running on long after thought is winded," but Omar the Tentmaker had a mathematical faculty "which regulated his fancy and condensed his verse to a quality and quantity unknown in Persian, perhaps in Oriental, poetry." FitzGerald himself had much of this same faculty; his aim was always to "abridge, concentrate, distil," and in this as in all his translations he allowed himself a large licence, was more concerned with the spirit than with the mere letter of his original, and set himself to retain whatever was



Farlingay Hall.

Where FitzGerald lived from 1853 to 1860. Now the residence of Mr. W. W. Welton, who kindly lends the photograph for reproduction.

Photo by Mr. R. Eaton White. **"The Quarter-Deck."**

Edward FitzGerald's home at Woodbridge, showing the summer-house, and Little Grange in the distance.

(From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by permission.)

" fine and efficient " in it, and to "sink, reduce, alter, and replace " whatever was not. He laid other Persian poets under contribution for some of the imagery and some of the exquisite fancies that are now credited to Omar; he brought his own vision, his own philosophy of life to the work, and gave to each stanza as he reminted it the impress of his individuality; hence to the reader who has no Persian one of the chief values of literal and other renderings of Omar is that they serve to show how much that is richest in thought and expression is wholly, or almost wholly, FitzGerald's; hence also so notable a scholar and poet as Mr. John Payne is probably justified in his strong protest that FitzGerald's version is not a translation at all, but a paraphrase. An assertion that leaves us unmoved, except by a wish that every translator of poetry could be guilty of the same splendid faults.

In January, 1858, FitzGerald offered his first rendering of the "Rubaiyat" to *Fraser's Magazine*. He waited a year, then, hearing nothing of it, wrote and asked that the MS. might be returned; and in February, 1859, having made a few additions to it, he published the whole, as a five-shilling book, at his own expense, but it had no sale. Omar had never been popular in Persia, and it looked as if his unpopularity was the one weakness in him that FitzGerald's wizardry could not amend. He gave away copies to his friends, and presently took the remainder, about two hundred, to Bernard Quaritch, dumped the parcel on his counter and told him he could have them as a gift. Quaritch reduced the price first to a half-crown, then to a shilling, and finally, as there were no buyers, he put the book outside his shop "in the penny box." Then it began to sell.

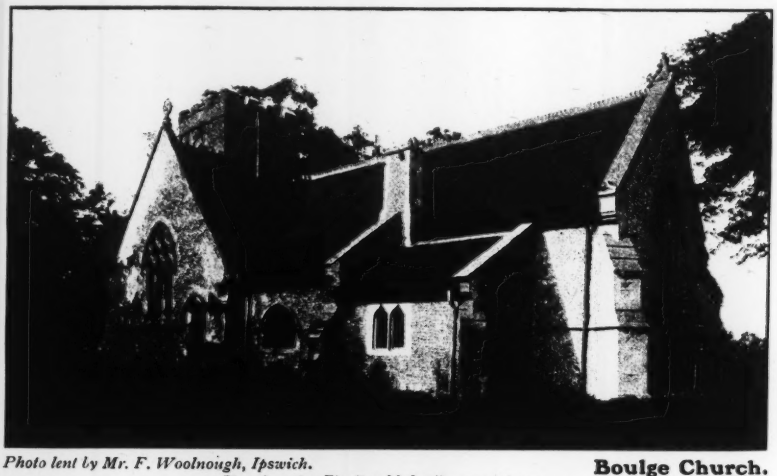


Photo lent by Mr. F. Woolnough, Ipswich. **Boulge Church.**

Showing the FitzGerald family mausoleum.

Copyright of "The Sphere" Newspaper. **Edward FitzGerald.**
"The Philosopher" portrait.

Happily Rossetti dipped into the penny box and carried a copy away with him. He read it, and was not satisfied till all the men of his circle were reading it also, and sharing his enthusiasm about it. There is a story of how Rossetti and Swinburne spent fourpence on four copies from the penny box, and of how, going again next day and finding that, in consequence of the sudden run on the book, the price had been raised to twopence, Rossetti gravely rebuked the shopman for his exorbitance.

Nevertheless, it was nine years from the date of the first publication before a second edition appeared. There were four editions in all during FitzGerald's life, and he did not put his name to any of them; before each of the latter three came out he had been further and further polishing, altering, and touching up his verses, but whether the alterations were invariably improvements is a matter of opinion. Sometimes they undoubtedly were, and sometimes they as undoubtedly were not. The magnificent first verse of the first edition—

"Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light"—

was varied in each of the subsequent three editions, but not improved, and evolved at length into the incomparably tamer and less beautiful

"Wake! for the Sun who scattered into flight
The stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light"

of the fourth edition. One not only loses the daringly imaginative and essentially Oriental picturesqueness of the first version, but has, in place of it, a commonplace, conventional imagery that has long since been done to death in the service of the poets of the West.

On the other hand, you have in the first edition:

"Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness——
And Wilderness is Paradise enow,

varied a little in the second edition, and in the fourth transformed into the perfect stanza that everybody remembers:

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

One could easily multiply such instances, but these two will serve; if we find that, on the whole, we have lost something by FitzGerald's passion for altering, polishing, and refining, we find that we gain something by it too, and perhaps enough to compensate for what we lose.

Though the poem was steadily winning recognition with an ever-widening circle of readers, it arrived at nothing at all like popularity in FitzGerald's lifetime. On his part, he did not expect it to, and had no wish that it should. He did not go after notoriety, and

Edward FitzGerald's Grave, Boulge Churchyard.
The rose growing at the head of the stone was raised from seed brought by William Simpson, artist, from the grave of Omar Khayyam at Naishapur.

"Posh" Fletcher in 1870.
Taken for Edward FitzGerald.
(From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald.")

notoriety did not go after him; he kept the even tenor of his way, moving from one place to another in the same corner of his beloved Suffolk, living an easy, recluse, unconventional existence, yachting a little, writing a little, reading a little, paying rare, brief visits to London, visited occasionally by old friends who smoked and walked and talked with him for a few days and then left him again to his seclusion. He passed through an interval of worry and irritation when he became partner with his fisherman-friend "Posh" in a fishing-smack; and some years earlier than that he opened a door to unhappiness by breaking away from his comfortable bachelor habits and getting married. He married at fifty the daughter of Bernard Barton, the poet-banker, who is best remembered as one of Lamb's friends. She was the same age as FitzGerald, and as her father had entrusted her to his care and left her poorly provided for, FitzGerald thought the only right way of discharging his trust was to marry her. It was not long before they both realised that he had made a mistake, and after six months of married life they separated by mutual arrangement, and though they retained the kindliest feelings towards each other, they scarcely so much as saw each other ever again.

Six years after FitzGerald's death appeared a collection of his works which included a fifth edition of the "Rubaiyat,"[1] and in the twenty years since he has come rapidly to his own. In 1890 Messrs. Macmillan issued two editions of his "Omar," and a new edition followed every year until 1896; in 1897 there were two editions, and in 1898 three; and in 1899 it was added to the "Golden Treasury" Series[1]—this latter giving both the first and fourth versions of the poem, and appending the variations made by FitzGerald in his other two editions. In 1903 came Mr. Aldis Wright's handsome *edition de luxe* of all FitzGerald's published writings;[2] but of the numerous editions of the "Rubaiyat" alone that have appeared during these last twenty years here and in America, in all styles and at all prices, from a few pence to a few guineas, it is hopeless to attempt any adequate account except in a formal bibliography.

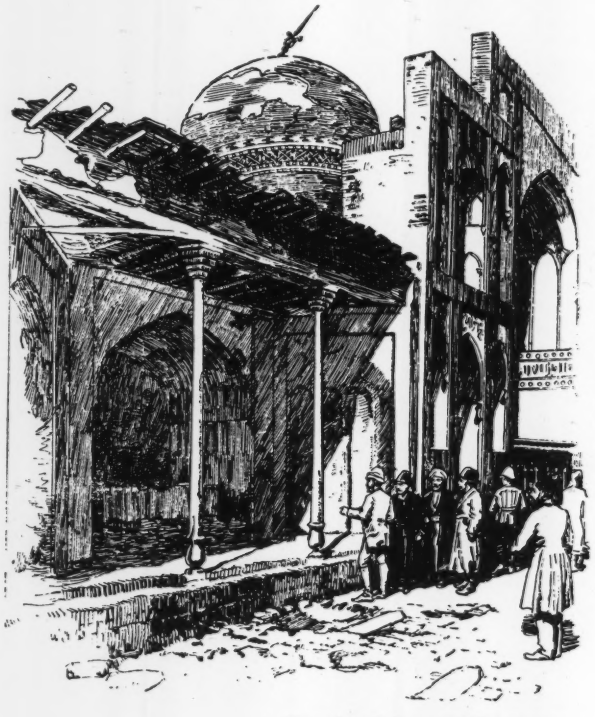
The "Oriental Edition"[3] that was published last year takes the text of the fourth edition, by permission of Messrs. Macmillan, and is enriched with an altogether unique series of illustrations by Miss Adelaide Hanscom. The artist has worked upon photographs, for which Joaquin Miller, George Sterling, and other Omar enthusiasts in America posed to her, and this heightening of the art of the camera with that of the brush has resulted in a set of twenty-eight beautiful and wonderfully effective pictures in which the dreamy, shadowy,

[1] "FitzGerald's Collected Works." (Macmillan.)

[1] "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." Golden Treasury Edition. (Macmillan.)

[2] "FitzGerald's Works." Edited by Aldis Wright. (Macmillan.)

[3] Illustrated by Adelaide Hanscom. In art canvas, 10s. 6d. net; limp velvet cowhide, 17s. 6d. net. Special edition with illustrations printed from photogravure plates on India paper and mounted, £2 2s. net. (London: Harrap. New York: The Dodge Publishing Company.)



Tomb of Omar Khayyam at Naishapur.
(From Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald.")

half-sensuous, half-austere spirit of the verses is cunningly captured and retained. Last year also gave us a reissue of the second edition of the "Rubaiyat,"[1] edited, with a scholarly introduction and copious notes, by Edward Heron-Allen. Oriental scholars in general agree that this second edition is the most valuable and accurate verse translation, and the author of the finest prose translation we have of Omar makes an ideal editor of it. In his notes, Mr. Heron-Allen furnishes parallel passages from poets, Persian and otherwise, to whom FitzGerald was more or less indebted, and puts before the reader enough of precise data to enable him to judge for himself to what extent FitzGerald's version is a translation and to what extent a paraphrase. He prints in the introduction a very interesting letter he received from Professor Cowell, in which Cowell would seem to feel his responsibility for the Western cultus of Omar and to regret the large share he had in creating it. He admired Omar's poetry as literature, he said, but he did not want the "Rubaiyat" to be dedicated to him, and would not join in the "Omar Cult," and concludes: "I unwittingly incurred a grave responsibility when I introduced his poems to my old friend in 1856. I admire Omar as I admire Lucretius, but I cannot take him as a *guide*. In these grave matters I prefer to go to Nazareth, not to Naishapur."

"Would but some winged Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate."

From "Omar Khayyam," Illustrated by Adelaide Hanscom. (G. G. Harrap & Co., London; and Dodge Publishing Co., New York.)

One of the most charming and every way satisfying of the many popular editions of the "Rubaiyat" is that illustrated by Mr. Gilbert James,[2] which is now in its twelfth edition. You cannot look into Mr. James's pictures without being almost as sensible of the languorous, fragrant atmosphere of his dim-lit halls and unfamiliar gardens as if you were actually breathing it; his realisation of the life and the scenes he illustrates is not a mere matter of correct architecture and landscape; no artist has got more of the very feeling, the strangeness, the mysticism of the East, none has got more of the glamour and magic of the poem into his drawings. The haunting, moonlit nights, the sleepy, golden days, the warmth and colour and glow of the Orient are gathered up into them with a skill and subtle imaginative power that it would be difficult to surpass. Excellent, too, in their different fashion are the delicate, vivid line drawings with which Mr. Herbert Cole illustrates the first of FitzGerald's versions of "Omar" in the delightful "Flowers of Parnassus" Series[1]; and very graceful and full of charm are the four sensitive Aubrey Beardsley-like illustrations by Jessie M. King to the neat edition of the first translation that makes one of the "Broadway Booklets."[2]

But one might go on almost endlessly. You may get your copy of FitzGerald's "Omar" in the dainty Carillon Series,[3] where it is cleverly illustrated by R. Anning Bell; or with the quaint coloured decorations by Blanche McManus in the reprint of the first edition that comes from Messrs. Alexander Moring;[4] or there is a copy of that same first translation, with a frontispiece portrait, among

[1] Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Edward Heron-Allen. (Duckworth.)

[2] With twelve photogravures by Gilbert James. 3s. 6d. net. (Routledge.)

[1] "Flowers of Parnassus" Series. Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 1s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

[2] Illustrated by Jessie M. King. 6d. (Routledge.)

[3] With Illustrations by R. Anning Bell. Paper boards, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)

[4] With Decorations by Blanche McManus. 1s. 6d. net. (De la More Press.)

Designed by Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.

For the Club Dinner of 1892.

Designed by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.

For the Club Dinner of 1894.

Designed by J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.

For the Club Dinner of 1895.

Designed by Alfred East, A.R.A

For the Club Dinner of 1903.

FOUR MENU CARDS OF THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB, FOUNDED 1892.

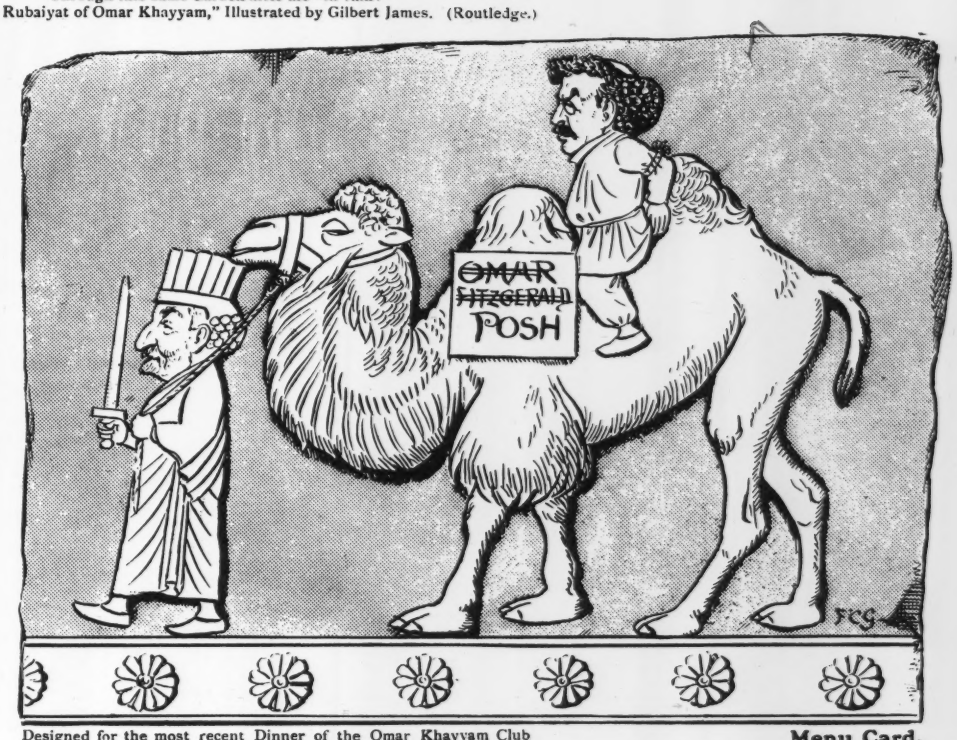
From the collection in the possession of Mr. Clement K. Shorter.

"Ah, Moon of my Delight, who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again;
How oft hereafter rising she shall look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain!"
From "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," Illustrated by Gilbert James. (Routledge.)

the "Sesame Booklets,"[1] printed in large clear type, in soft leather covers, and just the size to be slipped into a waistcoat pocket. There are ever so many other good editions that I only omit to mention because I do not happen to have seen them or to have them by me; and already we hear of other new editions in preparation for this year and next year; so that if at one time it looked as though the book would never come to life, it begins to look now as if it would never die. "Roses blossom by the tomb of Omar Khayyam at Naishapur in Persia," says Mr. Money-Coutts, in his introduction to the "Flowers of Parnassus" edition, "and roses blossom by the tomb of Edward FitzGerald at Boulge in Suffolk. But the roses in Suffolk are offspring of the roses in Persia. A pilgrim to Omar's tomb brought back seeds from the rose-bush growing there, and two plants, thence reared, were planted by FitzGerald's grave in 1873. Which things are symbolic; for did not the roses of Omar's verse sow themselves in Fitz-Gerald's imagination, and blossom into the beautiful 'Rubaiyat' that still flourishes and germinates in our hearts to-day?"

A.

[1] With portrait frontispiece. 1s. net. Art linen, 6d. net. (Harrap.)



Designed for the most recent Dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club by "F. C. G.," showing Mr. Edward Clodd and Mr. Clement Shorter.

Menu Card.

TWO LYRICS FROM THE WELSH, SHOWING THE CYMRIC "INLAID RHYME."

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

WELSH LULLABY.

(After the Welsh of Robert Bryan.)

AS a blossom sweet and rosy
  Folds its petals for the night,
In my bosom curling cosy,
  Hush you, hush you, baby bright!
While I'm by thee, nothing cruel—
  Not one harmful sound or sight—
Shall come nigh thee, O my jewel!
  O my armful of delight!

Little flowerets in the meadows,
  Little nestlings in the trees
Now are sleeping in the shadows
  To the cradling of the breeze;
But the blossom of my bosom,
  But the birdie on my knees,
While I lock him there and rock him,
  Has a warmer nest than these.

Start not! 'tis the ivy only
  Tapping, tapping o'er and o'er.
Start not! 'tis the billow lonely
  Lapping, lapping on the shore.
Through your dreaming you are beaming,
  O so purely now, my store,
You must see your angel, surely,
  Smiling through heaven's open door.

PANT-Y-PISTYLL (WATERFALL HOLLOW).

(After the Welsh of "Llew Tegid.")

ALL the girls of Pant-y-Pistyll
  Gather around the foaming fall:
Wherefore seek its freight of crystal,
  Each at the selfsame hour of call?
At the stream's enchanting cadence
  Every maiden's face is aglow;
Drop by drop, like diamonds flashing,
  Into the plashing pail they go.

Yet the peace of purling waters
  Dies in the strife of voices shrill;
Since, indeed, when Eve's fair daughters
  Chatter, the earth may just stand still.
Then against some erring neighbour
  Each like a sabre uses her tongue;
While a host of goblins listening
  Into the glistening pails have sprung.

Now, towards her pitcher turning,
  Each with a gasp beholds therein,
Into fire the waters churning,
  What but an elf with evil grin.
Frighted by the water witchers,
  Leaving their pitchers, off they are gone!
"Ha, ha, ha!" each tricksy pixie,
  "Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughs on and on.

LORD ROSEBERY AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

By HECTOR MACPHERSON.

FROM the point of view of political fame, Lord Rosebery has been singularly fortunate. Most young men, even with a wealth of influence to draw upon, are compelled to serve an apprenticeship to politics, but Lord Rosebery at one bound leaped into the front rank. He had scarcely entered upon a political career, when it was recognised that a new force in the form of a striking personality had found its way into the world of politics. It was no surprise to hear Lord Rosebery in the days of his early manhood spoken of as one destined to occupy high office in the State. His ascent of the political ladder was rapid, and when he became Prime Minister, it was felt that his election was quite in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. Lord Rosebery has paid the usual penalty of greatness, in the shape of numerous newspaper and magazine appreciations and depreciations, and in addition he has been made the subject of several biographies. For the most part, these articles and biographies have dealt with his lordship mainly as a politician, interspersed with such details of his domestic life as were deemed necessary in these days of personal journalism. Of Lord Rosebery as a man of letters not much has been said.

In his book on "Compromise," Lord Morley remarks on the overpowering influence on British public life of the political spirit. Not only does the political spirit make the cultivation of literature difficult for the man of affairs, but it fixes a standard of judgment somewhat unfavourable to politicians of a literary turn of mind. Thus it is that Lord Rosebery's excursions into the realm of letters have never been appreciated at their real value; they are viewed as a species of mental recreation, a kind of parenthesis in the intervals of more serious labours. This view is as misleading as it is superficial. It is safe to say that we get nearer the secret of a great man's personality by a study of his writings than by a study of his political speeches. Political speeches half reveal and half conceal the soul within. Under our party system, a statesman must needs only reveal so much of his personality as is expedient; whereas in addressing the public through the medium of the printed page he can cultivate freedom of utterance. Thus it comes about that in the case of Lord Rosebery many things in his public career which perplex the student of politics get light thrown upon them when viewed from the literary side.

In coming to the study of a man of letters, two points need to be noted—namely, his outlook upon life as conditioned by his personality and his environment, and his specific function in literature. In the case of Lord Rosebery, great stress must be placed upon the racial element as a factor in his personality. Evidence of this is seen in the numerous Scottish themes which he has chosen for his public addresses. Lord Rosebery in this respect is a Scot of the Scots. No one has surpassed him in giving exquisite expression to the peculiar blend of the romantic and the utilitarian, the sentimental and the practical sides of the Scottish character. Through his various Rectorial addresses there is to be found keen appreciation of the advantages which Scotland has gained by the Union with England on the practical side, with an equally keen sense of the loss which she has suffered on the romantic side. As he studies the history of his country, every true Scot finds his soul torn with conflicting emotions. He finds himself responsive to the beauty and winsomeness of Queen Mary, while at the same time his admiration goes out to John Knox. On the fundamental question at issue between the Covenanters and the Episcopalians, he sides with the uncouth men who in glens and in mountain fastnesses held aloft the standard of religious liberty, while he finds much to charm him in the grace and culture of men of the type of Leighton, representatives in a rude ecclesiastical age of sweetness and light. The genuine Scot, as Lord Rosebery somewhere

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

Lord Rosebery in his Robes as Chancellor of Glasgow University.

says, is always a Jacobite. Clearly alive to the follies and stupid obstinacy of the Stuarts, the Scot cannot resist the glamour of a race whose dismal procession to destruction was made in an atmosphere lit up by the gleaming lights of poetry and romance. Of all students of Scottish history, no one has been so many-sided in his sympathies as Lord Rosebery. No one has done more to set before his readers the kaleidoscopic features of the national struggles. Scottish history has been the battle-ground of fiercely contending factions, and even the great Sir Walter Scott was tempted to take a side greatly to the detriment of his reputation.

Lord Rosebery has chosen the better part. In his addresses to young men at the various universities, he has wisely viewed the history of Scotland from the broadly human standpoint, that of a man of letters to whom every phase of national activity has a meaning, apart from the shibboleths of political and ecclesiastical parties. I am led to ask what insight do Lord Rosebery's studies of the history of Scotland afford us as to his own outlook on life? The impression one gets is that he is somewhat of a detached spectator of the great national drama. On the whole, his sympathies are on the side of liberty, but his artistic sense—so precious to a man of letters—prevents him playing the part of a partisan. Like Carlyle, Lord Rosebery is strongly attracted by the human element in history, and like Carlyle, he is disposed to lay stress on the personal equation apart from the principles at stake. Thus he pays tribute to the saintly Covenanter, Samuel Rutherford, though his artistic sense would have been

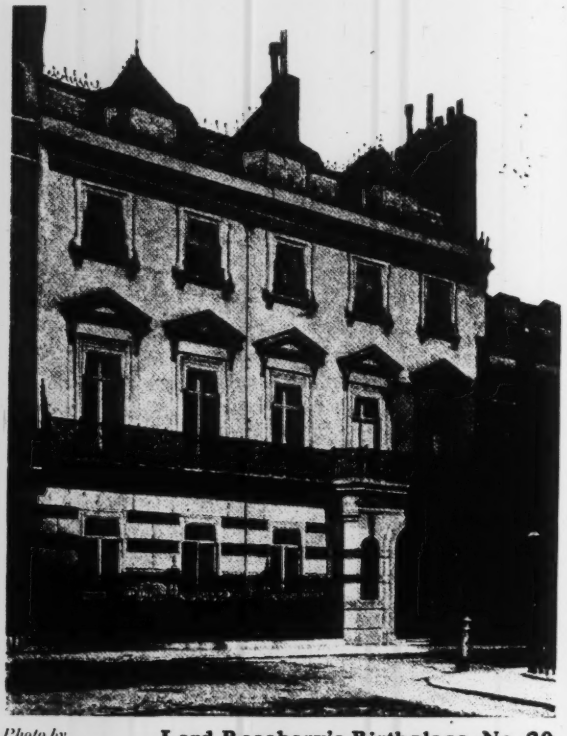


Photo by Russell & Sons. **Lord Rosebery's Birthplace, No. 20, Charles Street, Berkeley Square.**
From "The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.," by Jane T. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

After C. R. Leslie, R.A. **Lord Rosebery's Mother as a Maid of Honour at the Coronation of Queen Victoria.**
From "The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.," by Jane T. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

shocked by the violence and narrowness of the men of the Covenant; and to Prince Charlie he extends a sentimental sympathy, though knowing full well the folly of the Jacobite enterprise. I can imagine Lord Rosebery, after the style of Carlyle, doing justice to the heroism of Knox, though he would have been the first to rebel against the Calvinistic régime which was ushered in by the Reformation. In Lord Rosebery's temperament are blended the two forces which went to the making of Scotland—the Hebraic, and what may be called the Hellenic—the one represented by the Evangelicals and the other by the Moderates. The one stands for righteousness in the narrowest acceptation of the term, and found a congenial soil in the sombre side of the Scottish character: the other stands for culture, geniality, and a certain tendency towards epicureanism. Scotland, which produced a Samuel Rutherford, also produced a Jupiter Carlyle, and the Scot who would do justice to his country's history must be in a position to understand and sympathise in a measure with both national types.

It is because, as we see from his writings and addresses, Lord Rosebery unites the characteristics of these two types that he would be an ideal historian of his country. The fragments of studies in Scottish history which he has given to the world lead to the belief that did he set himself resolutely to the task, he could produce a history of his country which in point of accuracy, catholicity, picturesqueness, and literary power would easily out-distance all its predecessors. In the meantime, the history of Scotland, in the true sense of the term, remains unwritten.

Lord Rosebery, as I have indicated, is mainly interested in the personal element in history. Not that

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Lord Rosebery.**

he ignores politico-economic forces, but his mind is more at home in the humanities, and it is therefore natural, when he comes to deal with special epochs, that he should seize upon representative men. Scottish history, as Lord Rosebery somewhere says, is rich in bold personalities, and among them stands Robert Burns. Here, as in history generally, Lord Rosebery's interest does not lie in taking sides in a great controversy. His attitude to Burns is not that of the moralist ready with copy-book maxims to pass stern judgment on the erring poet. No! Lord Rosebery, with the true instinct of the man of letters, lifts the controversy free of all parochialism, and views Burns as a master mind, a sublime genius in a lifelong conflict with himself and an uncongenial environment—a figure which the ecclesiastic might condemn, but the man of letters, whose function is the study of humanity, will compassionate with a regret which ever deepens into pathos. Not since Carlyle's famous essay has anything finer been said of Burns than the words uttered by Lord Rosebery in Dumfries in 1896 on the centenary of the death of the poet. In the whole region of Burns literature I can remember nothing grander in sublimity of thought, nobility of sentiment, and beauty of expression than the following:

"I should like to go a step further, and affirm that we have something to be grateful for even in the weaknesses of men like Burns. . . . Mankind is helped in its progress almost as much by the study of imperfection as by the contemplation of perfection. Had we nothing before us in our futile and halting lives but saints and the ideal, we might well fail altogether. We grope blindly along the catacombs of the world, we climb the dark ladder of life, we feel our way to futurity, but we can scarcely see an inch around or before us, we stumble and falter and fall, our hands and knees are bruised and sore, and we look up for light and guidance. Could we see nothing but distant, unapproachable impeccability, we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation and the weariness of despair. . . . Man, after all, is not ripened by virtue alone. Were it so, this world were a paradise of angels. No! like the growth of the earth, he is the fruit of all the seasons, the accident of a thousand accidents, a living mystery, moving through the seen to the unseen. He is sown in dishonour: he is matured under all the varieties of heat and cold; in snow and vapours, in the melancholy of autumn, in the torpor of winter, as well as in the rapture and fragrance of summer or the balmy affluence of the spring, its breath, its sunshine, its dew. And at the end he is reaped—the product, not of one climate, but of all; not of good alone, but of evil; not of joy alone, but of sorrow—perhaps mellowed and ripened, perhaps stricken and withered and sour. How, then, shall we judge any one?"

Lord Rosebery gives charm to his writings by his habit of taking as the subjects of his literary studies men of complex natures. Like Carlyle, he loves to endeavour to reduce to unity personalities composed of seemingly contradictory elements. In the study of these he is sure to bring out some fresh views, and this he does, not by the commonplace method of applying conventional tests, but by searching for the controlling impulse—the dynamic power of the individual. He is always in search of the key to a great man's character. The key he does not find in talent. He is never satisfied in his studies of men till he seizes what he calls their essential spirit. Take, for instance, his fine study of Cromwell. Thanks to Carlyle, the hypocrisy theory

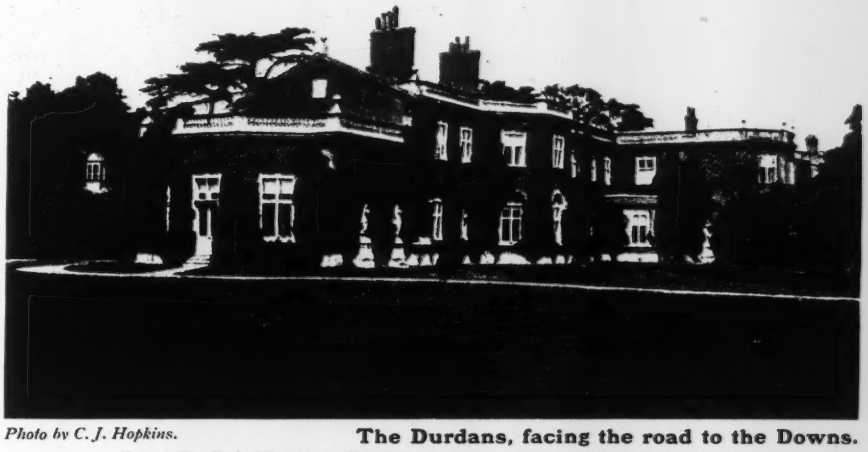


Photo by C. J. Hopkins. **The Durdans, facing the road to the Downs.**

From "The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.," by Jane T. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Photo by Valentine & Sons.

Dalmeny House.

From "The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.," by Jane T. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of Cromwell is now dead beyond hope of resurrection, but even Carlyle might have envied Lord Rosebery's fine insight into the very heart of Cromwell's character:

> "He (Cromwell) was a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all combinations. The man who combines the inspiration, apparently derived, and in my judgment really derived, from close communion with the supernatural and the celestial, the man who has that inspiration associated with the energy of a mighty man of action—such a man as that lives in communion on a Sinai of his own, and he appears to come down to this world below, with no less than the terrors and the decrees of the Almighty Himself."

That goes to the heart of the matter. With a few artistic strokes which betoken literary genius of a high order, Lord Rosebery makes Cromwell stand before us in the guise of an ancient prophet. If we can imagine Elijah, instead of ascending in a chariot of fire, dethroning Ahab and reigning in his stead, we should have a vivid picture of Cromwell in his contest with the enemies of the Lord.

Another historical character which has quite a fascination for Lord Rosebery is Napoleon, and here, too, we find exhibited the same desire not to rest till he gets the key to a complex individuality. "The Last Phase of Napoleon" is a masterly psychological study. Step by step the evidence in regard to Napoleon is carefully tested, and then, when the whole is complete, Lord Rosebery sets himself to form an estimate of the most extraordinary character of modern times. So carefully handled are the concluding chapters in which Napoleon's personality is, so to speak, put under the microscope, that the mind of the reader is gradually prepared for the remarkable chapter in which Lord Rosebery gives a full-orbed view of Napoleon. The qualities to which Napoleon owed his marvellous supremacy are duly detailed, and, what is of equal importance, the process is carefully traced of the deterioration of the great man's mental and moral powers under the insidious delusion that his superiority over ordinary mortals raised him above the limitations of humanity altogether. Supreme power, as Lord Rosebery puts it, "destroyed the balance of his judgment and common sense, and so brought about his fall." History repeats itself. Just when Herod fancied himself a god, he was struck to the earth to make a repast for worms. When Nebuchadnezzar was loudest in singing his own praises, he was condemned to herd with four-footed companions; and similarly, just when Napoleon had constituted himself his own deity, the image he had raised was shattered into a thousand fragments.

As becomes a statesman, Lord Rosebery's interest in history and politics is intense. He has given to the public studies of two outstanding statesmen, Pitt and Peel. Inasmuch as both statesmen have nothing specially complex about their personalities, there is not the same scope for Lord Rosebery's striking analytic powers in the sphere of character. Men of the type of Cromwell, Napoleon, and Burns have a peculiar attraction for him. He loves to study genius in its paradoxical and incalculable moods. He is not quite at home in dealing with plain, prosaic, utilitarian temperaments, such as are found in parliamentarians. The study of Pitt is good, but I am convinced that Lord Rosebery would have given us a biographical gem had he taken as his subject Lord Chatham, the father

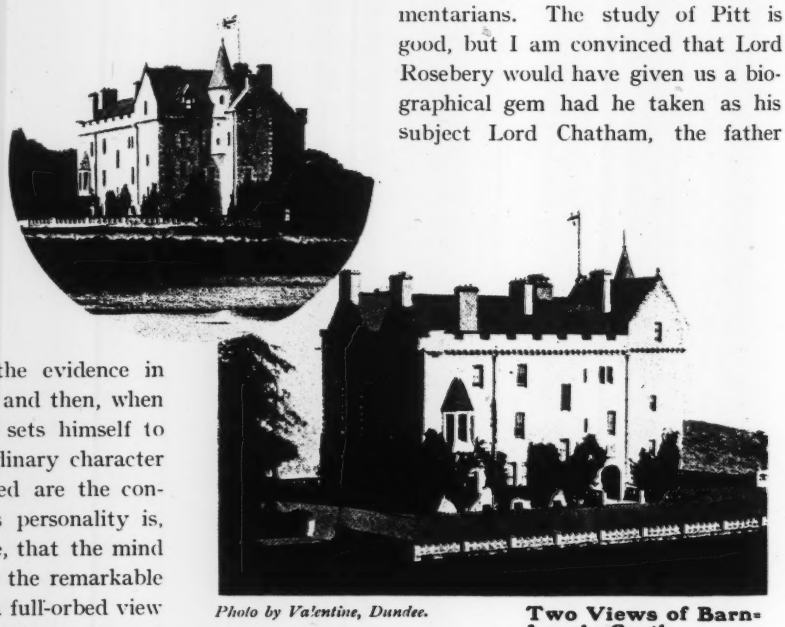


Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

Two Views of Barnbougle Castle.

From "The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.," by Jane T. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

instead of the son. Similarly with Peel. Lord Rosebery's study is thoughtful, suggestive and painstaking, but here, too, he is not sympathetic enough with the plain, unadorned, utilitarian cast of Peel's mind to make the book stand boldly out from the same class of political literature. This line of criticism does not apply to Lord Rosebery's exquisite study of Lord Randolph Churchill. Apart from personal acquaintance, Lord Randolph was just the kind of politician in whose career Lord Rosebery would be interested. He is strongly attracted to the weird, the spasmodic, the impetuous, the explosive types of human nature, and, like Carlyle, he excels in graphic descriptive power. If he has not Carlyle's capacity for taking what may be called instantaneous photographs, literary snapshots, he still manages in a remarkable way to give a sense of vividness to his portraits. Lord Randolph's meteoric career, the strange jumble of Tory prejudices and Radical proclivities which did duty for his political creed, his audacious impetuousity which scared his friends and irritated his foes, his feverish oscillation between boundless hope and rayless despair, and above all his magnetic personality — these are all touched upon with exquisite skill by Lord Rosebery, who, as memories of his friend crowd upon him, passes in the course of a few pages from humour to pathos, from hearty admiration to profound regret. As a piece of literature, Lord Rosebery's appreciation of the brilliant meteor who flashed in the political sky and all too soon went down into the darkness will hold permanent rank in political biography.

High as is the quality of Lord Rosebery's contributions to literature in the orthodox form of books, it seems to me that it is to his speeches and orations that we must turn to find his artistic genius at its best. It almost appears as if Lord Rosebery needed the stimulus of an audience to stir his nature to the depths, and to touch the secret springs of admiration, humour, irony, and pathos. Conditions of space prohibit quotations, but the reader who desires to find Lord Rosebery at his highest as a master of phrases, as an artist in words and thought, should be referred to such great efforts as his eulogium on Gladstone, his address on Burns to which reference has been already made, and among others to his beautiful appreciation of the late Lord Kelvin, whom he described as standing on the mountain top and communing face to face with the transcendent mysteries of Nature.

Lord Rosebery has been careless of his literary reputation, else surely he would have his scattered speeches and orations collected and made accessible to the ordinary reader. As one who has done service in other and higher spheres, Lord Rosebery's literary efforts may seem to him but sparks from the intellect's anvil. His humility is misplaced. In the realm of letters he has left enduring work. His speeches, especially on historical and literary topics, do not lose their value with the passing hour. They bear the unmistakable mark of genius. They are the product of a mind which even yet is somewhat of an enigma to his countrymen.

Photo by W. F. Piggott, Leighton Buzzard.

The Gardens at Mentmore.

From "The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.," by Jane T. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.

Judge him by his political deliverances alone, and one would be inclined to credit him with the Whig temperament of the old Scottish type, whose thoughts and activities were wholly bounded by the secular horizon. This estimate is fostered by Lord Rosebery's humour, which with its vein of cynicism leaves the impression that his mind moves contentedly in the seen and temporal. But as a friend of mine, the late Robert Wallace, one of Scotland's brilliant sons, once remarked to me, "Rosebery uses his humour to hide the inner workings of his mind." In his books, and in some of his orations, the screen is partially removed; and to those of penetrating vision there is revealed a soul which, while keenly responsive to the many-sided influences of this work-a-day world, has mystical affinities with the Unseen and Eternal—affinities which but for the depressing influence of party politics and the detachment born of high social position might have found embodiment in sustained literary efforts which would have made Lord Rosebery not merely an occasional contributor, but a distinctively representative man of letters.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—*We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions* 1, 3, *and* 4 (*the subjects of these being the same each month*) *will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best passage from English literature touching on the best or the worst of growing old.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the REV. F. HERN, Rowlands Castle, Hants, for the following:

SEVEN SPLENDID SINNERS. BY W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE.

"With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking-Glass.*

Among the best of the others received are:

MOTOR TOURS IN YORKSHIRE.
BY MRS. RODOLPH STAWELL.

"These violent delights have violent ends."
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, II. vi.

(K. L. Forrest, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool, S.)

TONO-BUNGAY. BY H. G. WELLS.

"Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking-trump of future fame."
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

(E. Ward, 80, King Street, Southsea.)

A GENTLEMAN FROM PORTLAND. BY RANGER GULL.

"He says the other prisoners are commonplace and rude."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bad Ballads.*

(Miss Mary G. Patterson, Pinehurst, 103, Church Road, Upper Norwood, Surrey.)

SALOME AND THE HEAD. BY E. NESBIT.

"Why should I think of *Maud*?"
TENNYSON, *Maud.*

(Eric S. Barber, 51, Bootham, York.)

HENRY IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.
BY ALPHONSE COURLANDER.

"A man prepared against all ills to come."
HERRICK, *The Christian Militant.*

(W. M. Seaber, Firdale, Sheen Lane, East Sheen, S.W.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best selection from English prose or verse treating of the advantages or disadvantages of possessing relations has been awarded to MISS M. M. NICHOLSON, 24, Promenade, Bridlington, for the following:

"The modern writers who have suggested, in a more or less open manner, that the family is a bad institution, have generally confined themselves to suggesting, with much sharpness, bitterness, or pathos, that perhaps the family is not always very congenial. Of course the family is a good institution because it is uncongenial. It is wholesome precisely because it contains so many divergencies and varieties. It is, as the sentimentalists say, like a little kingdom, and, like most other little kingdoms, is generally in a state of something resembling anarchy. It is exactly because our brother George is not interested in our religious difficulties, but is interested in the Trocadero Restaurant, that the family has some of the bracing qualities of the commonwealth. It is precisely because our uncle Henry does not approve of the theatrical ambitions of our sister Sarah that the family is like humanity. The men and women who, for good reasons and bad, revolt against the family, are, for good reasons and bad, simply revolting against mankind. Aunt Elizabeth is unreasonable, like mankind. Papa is excitable, like mankind. Our youngest brother is mischievous, like mankind. Grandpapa is stupid, like the world; he is old, like the world."—G. K. CHESTERTON, *On the Institution of the Family.*

Very good selections have been received from Mrs. Bowell (Cranbrook), B. J. Saunders (Pontypridd), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), Miss E. M. Kendal (Cheadle), H. Caby (Fordham), R. H. Smith (West Norwood), Miss Botsford (Llanishen), Miss Ethel M. Alcock (Liverpool), L. Gray (Frinton-on-Sea), Mrs. A. Lang (St. Andrews), and many others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to MR. W. G. HANSON, of 34, Lombard Street, West Bromwich, for the following:

TONO-BUNGAY. BY H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Wells has not yet succeeded in writing a novel. There are whole pages in this book that contribute nothing to the story, and they are the best part of the book. Mr. Wells the novelist is a pessimistic reflection of Mr. Wells the social dreamer. While we feel that "the Bladesover system," with its respectability and feudalism and modern commercialism, with its vulgarity and immorality, are equally intolerable, we feel also that no social paradise such as in his prophetic books Mr. Wells has imagined can ever be inaugurated by the people who buy and drink "Tono-Bungay."

Several good reviews are disqualified because they exceed the hundred words limit. We select from the large number received:

GEORGE CANNING AND HIS FRIENDS. Containing hitherto unpublished letters. EDITED BY CAPT. G. BAGOT. (Murray.)

Not enough justice has yet been done to the great name of Canning. Though he started in politics under a Tory Ministry, he created many of the watchwords of progress for the nineteenth century, and made good his policy by administration. What Wellington and Nelson won by the sword, he put on a solid basis by diplomacy. In these letters we see the lighter side of Canning, his gibes and jokes, his intimacies, his capacity for forming friendships, and his humanity. This work is an invaluable contribution to our understanding of a great patriot and a great man.

(A. Rowberry-Williams, 3, Pigott Villas, Ruthin Road, Denbigh.)

THE HEART OF THE WILD. BY S. L. BENSUSAN. (John Milne.)

Amongst the nature and open-air books which have lately become so popular with readers who weary of the endless sentiment and problems of novels, we can recommend the above. It gives a great deal of interesting information as to the habits of animals and birds in the form of short life-stories which are so convincing that a brace of grouse, for instance, upon the dinner-table will always in future give us a prick of the conscience, remembering the story of the red grouse so vividly told by Mr Bensusan. Does any one know whether he is a vegetarian?

(E. Ward, 80, King Street, Southsea.)

LITTLE PEOPLE. BY RICHARD WHITEING. (Cassell.)

Mr. Whiteing's literary sympathies have always been with "the dear Little People who feel they are going to be nothing and get nothing to the end;" his satire reserved for the wealthy and ruling classes, whether in Mayfair or the country house. His latest collection of essays and sketches attempts with considerable sympathy and success to interpret the soul of the common people, illustrating with understanding and insight their trials, vicissitudes, failures, and hopes. Though dealing with common subjects, they never become commonplace, but are full of the characteristic humour and satire which distinguish all Mr. Whiteing's books.

(G. E. Wakerley, 9, Myrtle Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by James Todd (Darlington), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Robert Hodkinson (Westhoughton), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), E. M. Kempson (Birmingham), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), F. S. Alexander (Highbury, N.), M. Ford (Bristol), John Hood (Ayr), Miss Kathleen M. Comber (Hoylake), E. E. Solomon (London, N.W.), Miss Beatrice Beeforth (Scarborough), and Miss Audrey A. M. Bell (Hampstead, N.W.).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by MR. M. WINDEATT ROBERTS, Chudleigh House, Bideford.

New Books.

NOT LANCELOT, BUT GALAHAD.*

Our brave English boys have dipped into Sir Thomas Malory's fighting epic of the "Morte d'Arthur"; many young women, sentimentally disposed—the Elaines of our modern school-training—have taken to themselves passages learnt by heart from Tennyson's "Idylls"; and a crowd of tourists, with or without an ear for music, have exhausted the spaces at Bayreuth where "Parsifal" is given. So much the world at large knows or has heard touching the Holy Graal. Then comes the man of letters, Professor Saintsbury or another, and he deals with his subject as romance, mediæval prose moulded on French poetry, fashioned by Walter Mapes into the most perfect "action" ever set out in words, complete, not admitting of a sequel; and its centre is Lancelot. A fiery Welshman, the Oxford scholar who was Professor Rhys, claims with vehemence a Celtic, even a Cymric, origin for the enchanting tale. He was an adept in archæology, and a host follows him led on by Mr. David Nutt, rich in folklore, bearing analogies from

* "The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal, its Legends and Symbolism." By Arthur Edward Waite. 12s. 6d. net, subscription. (Rebman.)

the land of Fačry that in their profusion bewilder us. But the Celtic strain lords it over all. Another Welshman, Dr. Sebastian Evans, renders into stately archaic English the "High History of the Holy Graal," or the "Longer Prose Perceval." To him it is a legend with a covert meaning certainly, but anti-papal, Albigensian, set up against Innocent III. and the official Church of the Lateran. We look round for Germans; they come upon us in troops, wild and tame—Birch-Hirschfeld, Hertz, Heinzel, Hagan, Nitze, to say nothing of early commentators, K. Simrock and San Marte. Of course, the French could not be wanting to a problem which lies deep in their own literature; and M. Paulin or M. Gaston Paris—gifted father and son—will be cited at once for the charm and vivacity they have brought to their task of scholarship. The "Matter of Britain," as we must never allow ourselves to forget, is after Dante's achievements the great literary wonder of the Middle Ages. But what does it mean? How shall we pierce to the heart of it?

If we pursue the credible trail of its composition, starting from Geoffrey of Monmouth's "Historia Britonum"—he died in 1146—and coming down by Layamon, possibly by Walter Mapes, to the disputable French originators, Robert de Borron and Chrétien de Troyes, two questions open a wide hunting-field. First, who invented Lancelot? and second, who brought into the Arthurian Legend the quest of the Graal? These combined elements of an earthly passion and a heavenly aspiration have made the story perfect; so much is sure. But shall we construe it as a romance of misguided human love—which, on the whole, is Tennyson's way—"unsoldering" the "goodly fellowship" of the Table Round, or as something far more spiritual, with Galahad, not Lancelot, for its hero? Let me say at once that a Catholic reader of the "Idylls," however he may admire their beauty, will be little satisfied with what he finds in them wherever the deep things of his religion are touched upon. In Alfred Tennyson there was no chord that vibrated strongly to the music of the Mass. He remained kneeling outside our sanctuary, in a distant unsympathetic mood; and hence when he sings of the "Holy Grail" his form is delightful, but its contents are somewhat shallow. To use a significant phrase in Shakespeare, he does not realise that during the mediæval period in every church the "life of the building" was the Blessed Sacrament. Now we may ask whether a story which moves upon the supernatural as does the "Morte d'Arthur," inspired by monastic no less than chivalrous ideals, could have aimed at nothing else than to tell how Lancelot sinned, how Guinevere wrought her husband's ruin, and how the King disappeared into Fairyland. On that supposition, what is the Graal? A decorative incident merely, so little entering into the lives concerned that, if it were left out altogether, they would scarcely be affected. Is such an interpretation sound, even from the literary point of view? Assuredly, it does no kind of justice to the unmistakable religious temper which abounds in our English versions and rules the development of the French. On Wolfram von Eschenbach and the German cycle it is needless to demand more than Professor Saintsbury has allowed; in these mystical romances "the perfect knight is only an armed monk," who converts the heathen, mortifies the flesh, and falls into trances where he contemplates the sacred mysteries. To the professor all that seems a "chilly ideal," or even moonshine—which does but prove (*pace tanti viri*) that an accomplished man of books need not be a "sensitive" in religion.

This long preface I thought useful as at once prelude and shelter to my notice of an extraordinary volume, "The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal." One merit of a high order it undoubtedly has: it reminds our age, so superficially curious but so reluctant to exert itself strenuously as our forefathers did, that literature after all is only expression, and that the inquiry into what it expresses ought still to be made. Unless we do make it, are we not as much dilettanti triflers as any Della Cruscans that ever wrote sonnets? Now Mr. Waite shows himself a brother of the literary craft by all possible tests. He has learning in many languages; he knows whatever is extant regarding his subject in print, as well as the record of its MSS. And his own style (we may like or dislike it) is opulent with innumerable lights and jewels from alchemies, liturgies, old romance, secret orders of initiation, and other recondite sources not easily unlocked by the explorer. To archæology or folklore he takes no objection. He grants everything which the mere *littérateur* (what a "mere" was that! but it is quite justified), which, I say, the critic as usually we think of him, can require. Still, the "arch-natural," the divine elements, in this "truest and holiest" of stories according to Sir Thomas Malory, ought to be given its due. And now I have lighted on the word I was looking for; the Holy Graal is not "machinery"; not anything artificial or extraneous at all. It claims a rank so august, and is so emphatically the morning and evening star of these adventures, because to the Catholic genius which bound them up in a world-chronicle and epic of chivalrous pilgrimage it was supremely real. Not therefore simply a relic of the Lord's passion; not, except in symbol, the *sacro catino*, long venerated at San Lorenzo in Genoa (and how much less a magic cauldron borrowed from Welsh or other folk-tales!), but the Eucharist itself. The Eucharist in romance, not in terms or articles precisely of dogma, though never wilfully in opposition to dogma, yet as bodying forth under earthly tokens that which all seekers after God have been travelling to reach, and so the "Great Experiment." This is what our volume maintains, which I sum up in the contrast between Lancelot who fails, and his mysterious son Galahad who succeeds, in the sacred Quest.

Negatively, then, we must not read into the story a revolt or a manifesto put forth by the Celtic Church against its Roman vanquisher. Nor does it anticipate the Knights Templars' tragic quarrel with Philip the Fair and the Holy See. To its language the peculiar dialect of alchemy affords a suggestive parallel; and so does the mediæval Jewish Cabala; but the lines are independent, they never

Photo by Russell & Sons. **Mr. A. E. Waite.**

meet. Even the Masonic ceremonies and allusions to "Lost Words" or to temples never finished do not throw any light upon the coming and going of the Holy Graal. If it still has hidden keepers, and a secret church gathers round it, and the vision is not utterly withdrawn, all this implies no sect or heresy or *Aufklärung* in the manner of a "Lodge"; it does but indicate the treasure of which ritual, creed, sacraments are the outward signs and assurances. The "Quest of the Holy Graal" is Catholic in a sense most orthodox, and therefore, as the writer admirably concludes, most spiritual. It is an allegory of the pilgrimage of grace.

To readers as well as reviewers in no small measure this point of view will be exasperating; for they want in their romance not religion but amusement. Ever so many are quite willing to take Perceval or Galahad or any other knight as a symbol, Pagan, Masonic, what you please, and then to have done with it. They cannot endure to be edified by allusions to a doctrine in which they never have believed. The praise of chastity, poverty, and faith in the supernatural leaves them cold, if it does not provoke their scorn. But granting that there may be a hidden sense in the literature of the Graal, is it forbidden to search it out? That epithet of "moonshine" recalls the eighteenth-century love of similar disenchanting adjectives. We smile now at "gothic" and "barbarian" applied to the miracles of Catholic architecture. The great dogma of the Eucharist may well have kindled in dreaming hearts a sense that the Graal poetry has taken over and made "stuff o' the fantasy"; but it is something more intimate to our lives than holiday reading. Perhaps the time draws near when, as our author says, criticism of such poetry must be carried beyond the region of "official scholarship"—itself not surely well versed in the religion on which those adventures were founded—into the Holy House, or to Sarras the spiritual city. Whenever that happens literature will gain a value now often lacking to it, and among the pioneers this modest yet efficient guide will deserve to be named. Even now his companions in the spirit bid him not to lose heart. He is valiant, wise, and self-controlled. It is not for me to give one who stands outside the Roman Church an imprimatur; but I accept his conclusion gladly, "the Holy Graal is the Catholic Quest drawn into romance." *Ainsi soit-il!*

WILLIAM BARRY.

MR. BENSON'S POEMS.*

If you adopt the practice that finds favour with so many critics and look into Mr. Benson's poems for traces of his poetical ancestry, you will readily discover that he has certain marked affinities with Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold; but it is with a poet as with any other man—he need be none the less individual and peculiarly himself because he has a family likeness to some notable predecessor. Mr. Benson has something of Wordsworth's love of nature and perfect simplicity of style, but he has a saving sense of humour that Wordsworth had not; something of Arnold's urbane and brooding thoughtfulness he has, but nothing of his austere pessimism; and he has a restrained and essential sanity of vision and utterance that were characteristic of Arnold also.

In his sonnets and lyrics, no less than in his stately didactic poems, Mr. Benson is, before all, the prophet, the teacher; through all the changing melodies of his verse run a high, calm philosophy of life, a quiet, deep religious faith, a quick sympathy with human sorrow and weakness, and an alert sensitiveness to the beauty of common things. Looking out upon life serenely, he can see it at its worst without losing heart, still believing that good will come of it—

> "... to the sea
> He hears the streams grow larger, feels the day
> Shine purer, though uncleanly voices call;
> And though the funeral horns blow harsh and high,
> He sees the smile upon the face of God."

He has been daunted by the insoluble problems of life and death, and cannot close his eyes or his ears against the miseries of the world; but he has arrived at patience and humility of spirit, and holds to it in his soul "that all things are made new, all dark desires forgiven."

The poems included in this collection are selected from the six volumes that Mr. Benson has published during these last seventeen years, and in tone and subject their range is very wide and varied; some are slight almost to triviality; others, such as the lyrics "To My Father" and "The Shadow of Death," are charged with profound feeling and emotion; some have the sun and wind of the open country shining and blowing through them; others are edged with a sort of cool, cloisteral placidity and breathe an air of scholarly, speculative aloofness. The bookish poems, the monologue "Thomas Gray," for example, and the sonnets to Gray, Gilbert White, Omar Khayyam and Edward FitzGerald, are finely finished and shrewdly critical; but always Mr. Benson is at his best not when he takes other poets or even pastoral nature for his theme, but when he muses on the hidden things of the spirit, when he simply looks into his heart and writes, and is most intimate, most frankly personal. He is probably the most popular of living essayists, and this welcome edition of his collected poems forms a body of verse that assuredly justifies those critics who have already ranked him with the very few poets of this generation that will matter to the next.

* "The Poems of Arthur Christopher Benson." 5s. net. (John Lane.)

DUMOURIEZ.*

It had long been known to students that Dumouriez was employed by the British Government in the first decade of the nineteenth century as an expert adviser on strategical questions. Copies of many portions of an elaborate memorandum prepared by him for the War Office, dealing with the defence of the United Kingdom, are preserved in the Record Office, though the original manuscript was supposed to be lost. But four years ago a French manuscript of 397 pages came into the possession of Mr. Dobell and was subsequently purchased from him by Mr. A. M. Broadley, well known as a collector of Napoleonic literature and as joint-author of "Napoleon and the Invasion of England." This document has now been proved to be the original memorandum of Dumouriez, written throughout in his own hand. It contains not only an elaborate plan for the defence of England, but also a supplementary memorandum on Ireland and Portugal; and its discovery adds another romance to the history of book-collecting. It has now been translated and edited by the fortunate purchaser, in collaboration with Mr. Holland Rose, and the joint-authors have added a sketch of Dumouriez's career, and a number of letters addressed by him to Nelson, Wellington, and prominent statesmen of the time.

Nelson met Dumouriez in Hamburg in the autumn of 1800, and appears to have been favourably impressed by his strategical abilities, and the authors suggest the possibility that it was Nelson who urged the Government to consult the French expert. In any case it is clear that Dumouriez, who certainly never underestimated his own capacity, was pressing his services upon every minister to whom he could find an excuse for writing. The precise conditions under which he was employed are not clear, but there is nothing in the correspondence to justify the importance claimed for Dumouriez's work by the authors. There is nothing to

* "Dumouriez and the Defence of England." By J. Holland Rose and A. M. Broadley. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

show that either Pitt or Wellington took him very seriously. When Wellington replied to his fulsome and "gassy" letters, many of which he left unanswered, he wrote in the bluntest way and showed no desire to take the self-styled "advisory expert" into his confidence. No decisive step in the conduct of the war is traceable to Dumouriez's influence, and in one important point, his insistence on the necessity of multiplying small craft for coast defence, Pitt, fortunately for the nation, adhered to a totally opposite policy, and devoted all his resources to strengthening the high seas fleet. On the other hand, the liberal "retainer" which Dumouriez received and the equally liberal pension afterwards awarded to him go to prove that considerable value was attached to his collaboration. On the whole, the most reasonable view appears to be that Dumouriez was called into consultation partly as a concession to public opinion, and partly, as experts often are consulted, to work out the details of a policy the main lines of which were already settled.

The Memorandum itself is a document of the greatest interest and remarkably minute and thorough, when it is remembered that Dumouriez was working mainly from maps. Improved means of transport have so altered the conditions of modern warfare that Dumouriez's work is only of historic interest, but as a systematic study of the problems of defence under the conditions prevailing at the time, the Memorandum is highly creditable to the industry and acuteness of its compiler. Dumouriez rightly insists on two cardinal points, the danger of a French landing in Ireland, and the consequent necessity for holding Portugal. The entire document is well worth study, and suggests a far more favourable idea of Dumouriez's capacity as a theorist than the unpractical and visionary letter which he wrote to Wellington after Fuentes d'Onoro.

HALFWAY HOUSE.*

Mr. Hewlett has broken what is, for him, fresh ground. In "Halfway House" he has given us a story of modern life, of country society and ordinary everyday people. But he has invested all this with his own charm; the grace of style, the hint of the fantastic, the delicate fancy, are all here as they were in his mediæval romances and in his novel of the Regency period, "The Stooping Lady"; and his characters are everyday people—"with a difference." Both Mary Middleham, the little underbred nursery-governess, and John Germain, the aristocratic country gentleman, are instinct with poetry, with delicate humour and pathos. Indeed, one feels inclined to apply to the author the words he uses in speaking of Senhouse (the "Halfway House" of the story)—"the power of the adept, of the seer into the dark, of him who would mock if he were not full of pity."

Perhaps no one but Mr. Hewlett could have drawn his heroine, Mary, so unflinchingly and yet made her so pathetic, so appealing, above all, so comprehensible. This tremulous, responsive, nymph-like creature is sensitive enough to feel that the attitude of Tristram Duplessis towards her is intolerable, or, as Mr. Hewlett, with his pitiless honesty, suggests, "she may have been ashamed to find out that it was *not* intolerable," but, always too weak to resist when he speaks of love to her, "she thrilled to it as the earth to a beam of the sun." To this man she is just "a small, secret, pale and careworn little huntress"; to John Germain, the man of fifty, whom she afterwards marries, she is "so young, so simple, so ardent a creature!" And in reality? Mr. Hewlett answers the question. "She was very woman to the extremities. Nothing else in life really interested her but the attitude of men—of this man or that man—towards her. . . . Love, indeed, in its real sense, was a sealed book; but curiosity absorbed her, and she was as responsive to the flatteries of attention as a looking-glass to breath. . . . Her philosophy was really very simple, and, I say, perfectly innocent." Her marriage is a tragedy, as could have been foreseen by every one but the simple, honest gentleman who hoped so much from it, and who has to find his solace in "kisses . . . if he chose to call for them, clinging arms, a warm and grateful heart."

From the moment of her meeting with John Senhouse, her character begins to develop and the soul of her to emerge. He shows her deeps in herself of which she has never guessed, and she forgets to be self-conscious, to wonder—or to care—what he is thinking about her. Senhouse, artist and poet, with his gardens and his tinkering and his sublime belief in his own way of life and the idiocy of others, is a delightful personality—one would like more of him.

Interesting as is the whole story, there are two scenes which, by their strength and reticence, linger in the memory. One in which Mary, realising her love for Senhouse, for the first time in her life is strong enough to resist the "huntress" instinct, and to glory in the man's self-restraint; the other in which, as her husband lies on his death-bed, helpless, almost speechless, she confesses herself to him, withholding nothing, even in pity, speaking with terrible candour for the sake of the truth that is in her.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "Halfway House." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY.*

In the autumn of 1908 appeared within a few weeks of each other three remarkable treatises, dealing more or less directly with the problems of group or collective or social psychology. Up till now, English has been deficient in works of this kind. The French psychologists have made this subject peculiarly their own, and in their hands remarkably good work has been done. Gustave Le Bon wrote a very popular treatise on the "Psychology of the Crowd," but the most striking contributions were made by M. Tarde, whose "Opinion and the Crowd" and "The Laws of Imitation" are the classical books on the subject. It is worth while noting, however, that though it is not technically a treatise on Social Psychology, William Bagehot's "Physics and Politics" appeared in 1869 before M. Tarde's works. One is tempted further to include Malthus among the pioneers in Social Psychology, and even Adam Smith may not be denied a place. In Bagehot in particular there are at the very least anticipations of the recent developments in this subject.

In view of the fact that while he was penning his preface two other works in English were already in the press, it is interesting to read what Professor Ross has to say in introducing his recent work.* He begins: "It requires some hardihood to put forth this, the pioneer treatise in any language, professing to deal systematically with the subject of Social Psychology." It is only by emphasising the word *systematically* that Professor Ross can justify this preliminary statement. It is true that he differentiates between Social Psychology and Psychological Sociology, since "the former considers planes and currents; the latter groups and structures." This in itself is hardly enough, so he proceeds to limit Social Psychology to the "uniformities due to social causes, *i.e.* to mental contacts or mental interactions. . . . The fact that a mental agreement extends through society bringing into a common plane great numbers of men does not make it *social*. It is social only in so far as it arises out of the interplay of minds." Even with this limitation, it has to be admitted

* "Social Psychology: An Outline and Source Book." By Edward Alsworth Ross. 6s. net. (The Macmillan Company.)

that a great deal of work has been done in Social Psychology, though perhaps not very systematically. The importance of Professor Ross's book, coming as it does with two companions, is that it indicates the coming to consciousness of this department of psychological study. We have here a new science deliberately claiming recognition as such.

Up till quite recently Psychology confined its attention to the individual mind. To be sure, the moment we write this we are reminded that as far back as Plato we have quite a clear example of collective Psychology in the "Republic." But in the technical sense in which the term Psychology is—or in view of certain recent theories must we say *was*?—usually understood (*i.e.* the science of consciousness), it will be generally admitted that its subject up till now has been the individual consciousness. The individual mind is limited to a knowledge of its own states. In the lines quoted with approval by Noah Porter, we are told that the soul is

> "Allied to all, yet none the less
> Prisoned in separate consciousness."

In seeking to get beyond this isolation, our efforts may take two quite different directions. We may try to solve the problem of the relation between the individual consciousness and the general consciousness: we may seek to penetrate into the universal consciousness, to find ourselves in the spirit of the time, to establish in our experience the true relation between the individual consciousness and the consciousness that permeates the universe. Recognising the hopelessness of this task, sensible men turn their attention to the other alternative, and treat Social Psychology as the science that deals with the individual consciousness as the unit of a system of actions and reactions that make up the dynamics of society. To this end we must study the individual as carefully as before, but we must study him from a new standpoint. We must study him not only for and by himself, but in his relations to others. The old museum methods of Psychology that consisted in examining, classifying, and labelling must give place to the laboratory methods of the newer schools. We must treat the individual consciousness as a living force that absorbs its environment at the same time that it is absorbed by it. What is imperatively needed at the present moment is a treatise on Psychology that shall bridge the gulf that separates the old individualistic psychology from the new Social Psychology—and this is precisely what Mr. Macdougall supplies in his recently published book.*

It is characteristically English to name the book an Introduction. But in this case there is more than modesty to justify the title. The work really is what it professes to be, an introduction to the study. That is to say, it prepares the ground for a genuinely scientific examination of the phenomena that must be treated in the new subject. It may be objected that the first three-quarters of the book really deal with the psychology of the individual, but the most superficial examination will show that the whole method of treating the individual is different from that formerly adopted, and is directly related to the work of Social Psychology. Professor Ross, on the other hand, deals with the real subject-matter of the new science, without going into the preparatory details that the English psychologist considers necessary. As a matter of fact the two books are complementary to each other. Professor Ross makes a daring and not unsuccessful attempt to adumbrate a complete science, but he is keenly alive to the necessary imperfections of a first sketch. He is more anxious to prepare the way than to proclaim hard-and-fast principles. His sub-title is significant: "An Outline and Source Book." One is rather misled by the words into expecting a somewhat full bibliography; but the sources referred to are rather those from which materials may be found for the prosecution of the study. As a matter of fact the book contains a great mass of material gathered from all sources. A very large number of writers is laid under contribution, and the resulting copious quotations fully justify the sub-title.

Logically Mr. Macdougall's book precedes Professor Ross's. The first lays down the fundamental principles on which we may treat human nature, the second applies those principles to the general problems of social interaction. In the third book * of the trio, Mr. Graham Wallas supplies some admirable illustrations of the applications of the general principles of Social Psychology to a rather special and very important field. One is tempted to wish that the three books had appeared in their proper order—Macdougall, Ross, Wallas—with a year's interval between each, so that each of the more concrete writers might have had the advantage of the pure psychologist's more abstract but thoroughly constructive work. But their simultaneous appearance has many compensations. Each author has had to work out his general principles for himself, and we are thus provided with an excellent opportunity of comparing results of independent research in the same field. As it is, Mr. Macdougall must have a good deal of satisfaction in applying his general principles to the applications found in the other two volumes, while the other two writers will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have come to conclusions that will stand the test of verification by a different method. Besides, had the books appeared in the seriatim order, the two later volumes would certainly have lost in spontaneity and freshness of presentation, and nothing could be better than the present two volumes from this standpoint. They are, indeed, intensely interesting.

Reverting to Mr. Macdougall's book, there is nothing that more clearly proves the freshness of his point of view than the lack of terms to describe the facts of the new science. In all cases of interaction there are the active and the passive aspects of the process, and very frequently we find that language supplies a term for only one of these aspects. In education, for example, we have the two correlatives teacher and pupil. But these refer exclusively to the relations in the process of teaching. When it comes to be a matter of education as opposed to mere teaching, we are left with only the active term *educator*. There is no passive correlative; so writers are compelled to use roundabout phrases, such as "the person to be educated." Those who have occasion to write technically on this subject are reviving an old term, the *educand*. So we find Mr. Macdougall reduced to use the words *agent* and *patient* as technical terms to represent respectively the active and the passive persons in any case of social interaction. In dealing with the three processes represented by the terms *suggestion*, *sympathy*, and *imitation*, he is even harder pressed. "In each case," he says, "we need a pair of words to denote the parts of the agent and of the patient respectively." Indeed, M. Tarde extends the meaning of the one word *imitation* to cover all three processes on the passive side. But even thus there is a correlative word required to include the three processes on their active side, and to fill this gap Mr. Macdougall uses the words *impress* and *impression*.

A characteristic of all three writers is an almost vehement determination to allow nothing to interfere with drawing the conclusions to which their science leads them, irrespective of consequences. Mr. Macdougall says quite plainly that "Psychology must not allow its investigations and theories to be biased by moral needs," and Mr. Wallas makes merry over those writers who neglect what human

* "An Introduction to Social Psychology." By William Macdougall. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

* "Human Nature in Politics." By Graham Wallas. 6s. net. (Constable & Co.) [This work was recently reviewed, in a different connection, in these columns.]

nature *is* in favour of what human nature *should be*. It is idle to talk at large about the ideal man. Mr. Wallas wants to know what we would think of a doctor who began a medical treatise by saying: "The ideal man requires no food, and is impervious to the action of bacteria, but this ideal is far removed from the actualities of any known population." But while it is essential that we should know human nature exactly as it is, there is nothing to hinder us using all our knowledge, when acquired, to modify that human nature. The whole problem of education is here involved, and an educational parallel to Mr. Wallas's political manual would be very acceptable. Perhaps the most valuable educational suggestion in the three books is Mr. Macdougall's two important differences between the truly moral man and the prig. The moral man adopts a praiseworthy attitude for its own sake, the prig adopts it because it is praiseworthy; the prig's ideal is easily within reach and he is self-satisfied, the moral man's ideal is never attained, so he is continually being stirred up to effort.

Mr. Macdougall's system is admirably built up. Its foundation is laid in the distinction he draws between the instincts and the sentiments. Adopting the view that instincts are "certain innate specific tendencies of the mind that are common to all members of any one species . . . that can be neither eradicated from the mental constitution of which they are innate elements, nor acquired by individuals in the course of their lifetime," and following those who maintain that "man has at least as many instincts as any of the animals, and assign them a leading part in the determination of human conduct and mental process," he goes on to develop the theory that we have certain general innate tendencies such as suggestion and imitation, but also certain more or less specific tendencies. Following Mr. A. C. Shand, he regards the latter as sentiments. "Our emotions, or more strictly speaking, our emotional dispositions, tend to become organised in systems about the various objects and classes of objects that excite them." It is obvious that this view at once removes psychology from the individual to the social plane. We become different according to the persons and things round which we organise our emotions.

Discarding the view that pleasure and pain are in themselves springs of action, and regarding them as serving rather to modify instinctive process, Mr. Macdougall treats the instinctive impulses and the acquired habits of thought and action as the powers of the human mind leading to thought and action. Reducing the primitive instincts to the following seven: repulsion, fear, pugnacity, curiosity, subjection (the negative aspect of self-reference), self-assertion (the positive aspect of self-reference), paternal instinct (or the tender emotion), he combines them in the most ingenious way to form the various sentiments that our experience makes us acquainted with. Thus hate is made up of repugnance, fear, pugnacity, curiosity, and subjection; while love is made up of all the seven primitive instincts except repulsion. According to this scheme *admiration* is a binary compound made up of curiosity and subjection in varying proportions, while *awe* is a tertiary compound in which fear is added to the two previous instincts. On this scheme of the combination and interaction of instincts and sentiments, Mr. Macdougall is able to build up a consistent theory of character formation that is not only useful in itself, but makes an admirable preparation for the study of the interplay of personalities in society. His treatment of volition in relation to libertarianism and determinism is remarkably free from the serious objections to which most writers on this thorny subject expose themselves. In another connection the whole chapter would well repay full discussion, but for our present purpose it is enough to quote his final definition of volition: "The supporting or re-enforcing of a desire or connation by the co-operation of an impulse excited within the system of the self-regarding sentiment." It will be readily seen how skilfully this definition is arranged to fit into the scheme by which Mr. Macdougall correlates the development of the individual with that of the society in which he lives. The actual application of his scheme to the life of societies is compressed into less than ninety pages. Though the space devoted to technical Social Psychology is thus limited to a "Section II." that covers only about a quarter of the whole volume, it cannot be said that the book does not justify its title. Though there is nothing fresh introduced in this final part, it has all the originality that is implied in the application of the carefully worked out scheme of the main body of the work.

It would be a matter of reproach that the intellectual elements do not get their fair share of attention, were it not that Mr. Macdougall expressly states that he is reserving the full consideration of this branch of the subject for another volume. Older writers would have done the intellectual part first as the more fundamental, but in the three books under discussion there is a marked distrust of the intellect in relation to social reactions. We are far too apt to think that our dealings with one another are based upon reason. "But," Mr. Macdougall tells us, "mankind is only a little bit reasonable and to a great extent very unintelligently moved in quite unreasonable ways. The economists had neglected to take account of the suggestibility of men which renders the arts of the advertiser, of the 'pushing' of goods generally, so profitable and effective. Only on taking this character of men into account can we understand such facts as that sewing machines, which might be sold at a fair profit for £5, find a large sale at £12, while equally good ones are sold in the same market at less than half the price." In the same strain Mr. Wallas begins the first part of his book with the statement: "Whoever sets himself to base his political thinking on a re-examination of the working of human nature, must begin by trying to overcome his own tendency to exaggerate the intellectuality of mankind." Then he proceeds to establish his point in a chapter on "Impulse and Instinct in Politics" that reads like a series of examples of the application of Mr. Macdougall's theories. But Mr. Wallas goes farther, and warns us that not only do we give intellect too high a place in our calculations of social reactions, but that we are very apt to assume that all inferences are of the same kind, and are produced by a uniform system of reasoning. He gives a whole chapter of illustrations of the fallacy that all our inferences are rational. This again is quite in keeping with Mr. Macdougall's results, though no doubt we shall hear more of this side of the subject in the promised second volume. Professor Ross is equally clear about the need to recognise mere impulse in the drawing of conclusions, as is shown in the very practical distinction he makes between the appeal to the judgment and to the feelings: "When means or methods are in question, we appeal to the judgment; when ends are in question, we aim at the feelings."

Professor Ross holds to the theory of the transmissibility of acquired characteristics by heredity, while Mr. Macdougall declines to follow Bagehot in a certain matter because "he wrote when biologists still believed with Lamarck and Darwin and Spencer in the inheritance of acquired characters."

Not only does Social Psychology come to self-consciousness in these three remarkable volumes, but they are an indication of the awakening of social consciousness to its own existence. In the education of the individual there sometimes comes a time when he "takes himself in hand" and conducts the rest of his education for himself. The same sort of thing may come about in the education of a race. It is suggestive that to one of our three authors may be traced the origin of one of the most significant terms in this connection—"race suicide."

JOHN ADAMS.

BEETHOVEN.*

There was obviously need for a new Life of Beethoven in English. Indeed, I might have omitted "new," for we have nothing in volume form, either new or old, at all worthy of the master—nothing, to qualify further still, at all worthy of any master. We seem as incapable of producing good biographies of musicians as of producing good criticisms of their music. Perhaps the one inability may explain the other—if both are not inexplicable; for why are we dumb in music, when we have produced classic biographies of authors, and admirable collections of literary criticism? I decline to admit that we are an unmusical nation. Our appreciation of the best in music may not be widely spread, but it is very true and just; and we have produced, though not very often, composers of undoubted, if limited, genius, ranging (to take wide extremes in time and character) from the comic operas of Arthur Sullivan to the church music of William Byrd. In spite of all this, our musical criticism is the worst in the world. Could you name three volumes of really excellent work in musical criticism, as easily as you could name thirty volumes of excellent work in dramatic or literary criticism? The silliest parts of our newspapers are those that report musical performances—their very worst book-reviews are positive literature compared with their very best music-notices. I am fiercely interested in music, and only moderately interested in horses; yet I am delighted by what the newspapers say about Pretty Polly, and disgusted by what the newspapers say about Beethoven. The aggressive stupidity of bad old critics like Chorley and Davison was at least provocative, and so better than the pointless fatuity of present-day writers. You could count upon one hand the men now among us who either write, or have written, worthily about music.

Obviously, the nation that cannot produce good criticism of an art will not produce good biography of the artists; and so for the literature of music we must continue to rely upon the invaluable German and the occasional Frenchman. Our poverty makes Mrs. Diehl's volume specially welcome. For all general purposes it is the best account of Beethoven's life to be had in English: it is readable, and, as a special merit, it never dehumanises one who, with all his Titanic power, had the appealing helplessness and simplicity of a little child.

Perhaps the truest view of Beethoven's life could be given, not in a biography, but in a tragedy. Conceive him, this incarnation of the power of sound, this leonine man, with the deep, dark eyes, the swarthy, rugged face, the vast, impendent brow, the crown of wild black hair, and the poor deaf ears that heard nothing—at least, as we lesser mortals hear—of his own mightiest evocations! Can you think of any incident more moving than the concert at Vienna in May, 1824—three years from his death—when for the first time were produced the Choral Symphony and the Mass in D? There in the midst stands Beethoven himself, forlorn, isolated, completely unconscious of the mighty volumes of sound surging around him—the praise of Joy the god-descended, and the adoration of the Lamb, God-given for the world's iniquities. The singers cease—he does not know; the audience applaud—he cannot hear. Some one turns him round that he might see their tribute; and then the assembly, remembering his tragic fate, are seized with compassion and add tears to their storms of applause.

Born to abject poverty, son of a drunken, dissolute father, brother of men without gifts or principles, he was himself one of the whitest souls that ever took flesh in this unholy world. He was almost fierce in his chastity, and when the world had bruised him, he clung for comfort to good women as innocently as a hurt child runs to its mother. In nature, too, he found comfort, and he saw much, even though he heard nothing. He was magnificent even in his faults—his anger, his injustice, when he found that men whose virtues had been created by his own magnanimity proved to be but faulty beings in a world out of joint. Yet he was not always in the mood of tragedy. The web of his life is shot with humour and with geniality, and in all his works—typified and epitomised in the greatest of his overtures (the greatest ever written)—Despair is startled and banished by the trumpet-call of Hope. And mark how the world rewarded this man. It gave him poverty; it condemned him to endure the insulting patronage of Viennese princelings; it flung him away to die in a corner, and forced him to utter, even from his death-bed, a bitter cry of want. Is it not a theme for tragedy? He was deeply religious, as the world conceives religion; but within his soul he knew that his music was a religion and himself a god. "I am Bacchus," he says, "pressing the wine that shall make men drunk with the Eternal Verity."

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "The Life of Beethoven." By Alice M. Diehl. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

LEAST-KNOWN EUROPE.*

When a writer has visited countries of which most people are completely ignorant but about which they find

* "A British Officer in the Balkans." By Major Percy Henderson. 16s. net. (Seeley & Co.)

Major Percy Henderson.
From "A British Officer in the Balkans" (Seeley & Co.)

themselves reading nearly every day in the newspapers, and has the power of recording his impressions in a pleasant, interesting manner, he is justified in expecting that a book on his experiences should be popular. Such a success is well deserved by Major Henderson. He has an eye for the picturesque—as the many beautiful photographs with which this volume is illustrated amply testify—and a happy knack of recording incidents which combine to conjure up before the reader a vivid picture of the Balkan countries. Nor is the book without a directly practical value as well; for Major Henderson gives a number of hints as to the best seasons for visiting these countries, the routes to be followed, and so forth, which should be of distinct service to anybody who is on the look-out for some new field for a holiday and has scarcely realised that Bosnia and Hercegovina, Dalmatia and Montenegro, are both within easy reach of London and "offer few difficulties in the way of transport or accommodation." Not that Major Henderson's standard of judging these matters may not, perhaps, be that of the experienced traveller rather than of the ordinary holiday-maker. The Balkans assuredly are not lacking in "local colour," and not every one might care to travel to Cetinje along a precipitous hill road so tortuous that at one point you can count "fifteen double loops of white ribbon-like road stretching down the face of the precipice beneath you"; more especially as the car-drivers have a casual trick of getting off the box, flinging the reins over the horses' backs and "walking on the inner side of the narrow road, playfully flicking the animals with the whip, and so inducing them to take the outside edge of the path." To read this book is to realise that Disraeli was right when he declared that there are still adventures for the adventurous.

TOLSTOY.*

The first fifty years of Tolstoy's life take us to 1879, when he wrote the "Confession" that marks the chief turning-point in his life. Tolstoy was always a teacher with a passion for reforming the world, but until the period of the "Confession" the teacher kept company with the artist in a desultory, and not always harmonious, manner. Mr. Aylmer Maude has therefore left his appreciation of Tolstoy's main tenets to the volume promised for next year, "The Life of Tolstoy: Last Three Decades." The one before us, though it covers "Peace and War" and "Anna Karénina," is one of preparation. Tolstoy is fifty years old at the end of it, but he has not ceased to surprise us. His development is so various and active that you can "see him grow" like a child. The book before us is almost entirely biographical, and it would have been a more perfect, or rather a more polished, book had it been completely so. It is, for example, out of place here to say that the "Confession" shows us what had been going on in Tolstoy's mind and soul from 1874 to 1879, "though no doubt with some amount of artistic heightening." But that is only worth mentioning because it is a trifle. Had there been much of this criticism, it would of course have passed without notice.

It is a wonderful book, a most modest and faithful arrangement of material from the writings, professedly revealing him or not, of Tolstoy and his contemporaries, and from the personal intercourse of Mr. Maude and others with the man. All the details tell, and they are impressive also in their bulk. They are of an infinite variety, showing us the youthful or the maturing Tolstoy in the presence of men and women of all classes—soldiers, authors, princes, landowners, officials, children, relatives, gypsy girls. It depends in no way upon Tolstoy's eminence for its profound interest. Nor even is it interesting only because it leads up to the noble simplicity of the "Confession" with its painfully unaffected meeting of the one great difficulty of life: "I knew I could find nothing along the path of reasonable knowledge, except a denial of life; and in faith I could find nothing but a denial of reason, still more impossible to me than a denial of life." For at every point we are in view of that rare and always fascinating and tremendous spectacle of a nature thoroughly alive, in vital relation with the world of men and women and Nature and ideas. His life has none of the beautiful but so often narrow consistency of purely artistic natures, where a good angel has taken care that there shall be no disorder. There is, indeed, many a strange prophecy of the mature man in the passions of the child, as when his tutor St. Thomas threatened to flog him, and young Tolstoy "experienced a dreadful feeling of anger, indignation, and disgust, not only towards St. Thomas himself, but towards the violence with which he was threatened." But there is also the dissipation, redeemed only by its abandonment, the champagne, gambling, gypsy girls, and so on. In order to appeal to every one he seems to have been condemned to be every one. One thing he never ceased to be, an aristocrat. There have been men, not aristocrats, of high courage and fearless obstinacy; but they have perhaps been usually men of a lesser range, of one or few burning ideas.

But of such apparent impudence of egoism we must turn to the aristocrats for the finest examples. Well might he say that "in his opinion incompatibility between a man's position and his moral activity is the surest sign of truth." But exquisite conscientiousness grew out of we know not how many revulsions. He was by nature the least amenable of children and men to discipline, and Mr. Maude is careful to point out the many occasions on which Government, law, and officials developed that nature by antagonism. One of the strongest principles of what appears to be human progress is the relaxation of discipline from without and the strengthening of discipline from within the man. It is true of nations, and it is true of individuals. Tolstoy himself embodies the principle. And this is not an easy progress for an aristocrat to make, since upon him less than upon other men does the weight of external discipline fall with an awakening violence, and it is therefore easy for him to enjoy a kind of freedom without an effort, and to disparage the efforts of the less fortunate. But Tolstoy, bold and critical towards others, could not live without effort; he was equally bold and critical towards himself, even when he was unconcernedly throwing stones through his own glass house. It would not be discreet, and it would not be fair, in view of all the facts, to lay stress upon one point that Mr. Maude has made, but it is worth mentioning in this connection:

> "The detachment from the real business of life in which young Russians grew up, and the comparative isolation in which they lived on their country estates, explain the extremely radical conclusiveness often arrived at by those of them who wished to make the world better. Chain a man to the heavily laden car of social progress, and he can only advance very slowly, though every advance he does accomplish represents much effort, and is of practical importance. Detach him from that car, and he may easily and pleasantly fly away on the winds of speculation to the uttermost realm of the highest heaven, without its producing any immediately perceptible result in the lives of his fellow men."

This, by the way, serves to show that Mr. Maude, while scrupulously faithful to the meaning and facts of Tolstoy's life, preserves a thoroughly Western attitude which will no doubt give most of his readers the more confidence in him and in his prophet. Another point of the same kind is that Tolstoy has often shown himself conspicuously careless or unable to take care of small matters of detail, whether he suffered or not as a result. But in spite of those things,

* "The Life of Tolstoy: First Fifty Years." By Aylmer Maude. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

and not altogether in spite of them either, the effect of the "Life" is to put Tolstoy's achievement—both as an artist and as a teacher—upon a firmer foundation than ever. We see that if his speculation rises "pinnacled dim in the intense inane" it is rooted as deep as the mountains in a wide and a sleepless experience, physical, mental, and spiritual, of which the record supplies a natural complement and in some ways an antidote to his artistic work.

EDWARD THOMAS.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS.*

It is scarcely surprising that the career of Ninon de l'Enclos should attract the biographer. A woman who, after starting a life of gaiety at sixteen or seventeen, could keep her beauty and continue to have lovers till old age, was, it is obvious, no ordinary woman. But Ninon was uncommon in other ways than in loveliness of person and extravagance of passion. She had also intelligence and wit—enough intelligence to be able to win the love of such men as Coligny, the great Condé, Rochefoucauld, the Marquis d'Albret, and the Maréchal d'Estrées, and to count among her friends Scarron, Molière and St. Evremond; enough wit to be able to "run" a salon and to attract to it in her later years some of the most distinguished ladies of her time, including Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. de Coulanges, Mme. de la Ferté, and Mme. de Lafayette. Mme. de Sévigné had every reason for hatred of the fickle Ninon, yet even she fell a victim in the end to the charm of her rival's conversation and personality. But Ninon de l'Enclos has other claims on our attention—she refused to act as Richelieu's spy, she did her best for the Court during the troubles of the Fronde, and she won the friendship, which alone would prove her remarkable adaptability, of the woman whom Louis XIV. ultimately honoured with marriage, Mme. de Maintenon. Finally, with all her frivolity and light-hearted pursuit of pleasure, she was a creature whom the Fates singled out to play a part in one of the most horrible tragedies of passion that could well be conceived; one of her sons, the story goes, who had been brought up in ignorance of his origin, fell madly in love with her, and could only be cured of his infatuation by the true account of their relationship, which made him end an impossible situation by suicide.

A heroine with so extraordinary an experience as hers was bound to inspire many biographies; the latest of the series comes from the pen of Helen Kendrick Hayes. This is a vivacious record of Ninon's adventures from the time that she rode as a boy-soldier in her father's regiment to the day on which she faded out of life at the age of eighty-six; but it scarcely justifies its ambitious title, "The Real Ninon de l'Enclos." A title of that sort suggests a "life" in which the author quotes authorities for every statement and furnishes the reader with material for testing its accuracy. Helen Hayes's book is just a popularly written narrative eked out by transcripts of the letters—mere letters of compliment—which passed between Ninon and St. Evremond when both were octogenarians, and by a resumé of the opinions held of Mlle. de l'Enclos by her contemporaries and by one of her ablest biographers, M. Armand Bourgeois. The author herself has not thought it necessary to adopt towards her heroine the attitude of either the prude or the preacher, but on the other hand she has sedulously avoided the romanticising of vice. She is evidently of opinion that Nemesis itself, in the history of Ninon's own son, pointed sufficiently the moral of so irresponsible an existence as hers. Perhaps Miss (or Mrs.) Hayes exaggerates somewhat the intellectual side of Ninon's epicureanism and over-emphasises the influence of her father and of Montaigne and of such sceptical friends as St. Evremond on her conduct. After all, she was born with a temperament that would have fulfilled itself with or without the excuse of any reasoned philosophy.

F. G. B.

* "The Real Ninon de l'Enclos." By Helen Kendrick Hayes. 7s. 6d. net. (Sisley's Ltd.)

BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.*

To whatever height of popularity a good book may attain, in order to establish its fame on a basis that is constant rather than variable, some ideal, lesson, or example worthy of study and of imitation must be set forth within its pages. Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier" fulfilled this condition to a remarkable degree. It succeeded in depicting, as Spenser aimed at depicting in his "Faerie Queen," "a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline," and its vogue will last "while courts shall last, princes endure, ladies and knights meet together, and valour and courtesy have an abode in our souls." Nevertheless, ideals grow dim, lessons and examples fade, courtesy and chivalry are hidden at times beneath the bustle and din of existence, and an occasional reminder that it is possible to contemplate them anew is very acceptable. Such a reminder is before us in "Courts and Camps of the Italian Renaissance."

The author divides his work into two parts. The first is devoted to the life and times of Baldassare Castiglione, the latter to his writings. It is a daring task to give an abridged version of such a well-known work as "The Book of the Courtier," with personal annotations and adaptations; but the author has successfully retained the essential spirit of the theme, and modestly expresses the hope that this "dim foretaste of its beauties" may serve to send readers to a complete edition of "the most representative book of the Italian Renaissance."

Castiglione's character and reputation were summed up at his death by Charles V. in the words, "one of the finest gentlemen in the world is dead." His life is not a record of success and fame, but of courage, honesty, and courtliness in difficult places and times of stress and against odds and disadvantages. Great names appear in his story: Isabella and Beatrice d'Este, the Duke of Urbino, Gonzaga, Medici, the lovely Duchess Elizabetta, Raphael, Charles V., the Duc de Montpensier and many others. The romance of Castiglione's marriage with Ippolita Torelli was short and sad, his work as ambassador and Papal Nuncio disappointing and inconclusive, the sack of Rome a blow under which he staggered and from which he never recovered. The golden years of his life were those spent at the Court of Urbino, an enchanted land to him, ruled by an incomparable lady, by whom he was inspired to write of those who gathered round her. It is upon this record that his fame depends. Castiglione lived in stirring times, in the rush of a new movement, new art, new aims; a great political drama was being played, one act of which was the struggle between François I. and Charles V. which culminated in the defeat and imprisonment of the French king. The material might have been worked into a strong and striking history, or a fine romance full of colour, life, and art. But the author has not succeeded in presenting either the one aspect or the other. While his book forms a readable sketch of times and manners, it is superficial and does not always enlighten. The subject seems to demand deeper and more serious study; it requires the firm touch of scholar, artist, and historian, and though Christopher Hare is a writer of some experience, his impressions appear to be gathered from books rather than from an insight into human nature and appreciation of individual character.

* "Courts and Camps of the Italian Renaissance." By Christopher Hare. 10s. 6d. (Harpers.)

NATURALIST AND MYSTIC.*

It was time to have another reading of Richard Jefferies, one of the very greatest of God's naturalists, and in the ripeness of time has come for once the right man in Mr. Edward Thomas. It was not always so—in 1887, for instance, when, at the height of his fame and in the flush of his reflected glory in the foundation of the People's Palace, Sir Walter Besant sat down to write in forty-eight hours or so what Mr. Garnett not unfairly calls his "benevolent, but fussy and bourgeois" Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. That it was a most kindly intentioned work from every point of view is quite unquestionable. But for an absolutely secondary and imitative novelist, who fits in, as we can now see, to an inappreciable gap between William Black and George Gissing, to patronise a poet-naturalist of original genius such as Jefferies was a superfluous provocation to the Ironical Spirits. And yet Besant had a glimmering of the truth about Jefferies, which is more than can be said for Henley, who loved to regard him "as a kind of literary Leatherstocking." Henley, in short, regarded Jefferies as an inferior Alphonse Karr, a second-hand and second-rate Gilbert White. Lowell wrote once of this last-mentioned naturalist how he would annalise the comings and goings of a hedgehog or a chiff-chaff with the same assiduity and solemn diligence with which the presiding genius of the *Court Circular* chronicled the afternoon drive in Windsor Park of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice. So Henley wrote of Jefferies as the scandalous chronicler of the warren and the rookery—the newsmonger and intelligencer of creeping things, and things that fly and things that run. He could tell you with unexampled accuracy how many milestones there were on the Dover Road, he could map out a big tree for you, and tell you every industry that is practised upon or under its surface, as Figuier, or Van Bruyssel has done in his "Population of an Old Pear Tree"; but for him the study of a tree never led to an understanding of the wood, still less of the cottage, which an English wood ought to connote. Jefferies could report the realities of nature. Reality, however, is but the beginning, the raw material of art; and Jefferies was not an artist, but a common reporter, who could not select, who could not inspire. And so, beside his stoats and hares, his pike and his rabbits and his moles, his men and women (the proper subject-matter of art) are of little moment, whence the Henleian conclusion that the total product of Jefferies' limited range and excessive activity was and must remain "a trifle disappointing." "He thought, poor fellow! that he had the world in his hand and the public at his feet; whereas, the truth to tell, he had only the empire of a kind of back garden." Henley is often so splendidly right, especially when dealing with writers of high literary lineage whose aristocratic traits are apt to be overlooked by the multitude, such as Sidney, Disraeli, Fielding, that one is sorry to have to record such a complete misprision of literary judgment as this. If, instead of Jefferies, we were to read Frank Buckland, it might perhaps be contended that so much information about rats and freaks could not be deemed consistent with a profound knowledge of the human heart. But this would hardly be just, even to Buckland. The most extraordinary thing about Jefferies is his steady advance and progress from natural history to nature worship, and to describe "The Story of My Heart" as a "Leatherstocking" tale is really about as felicitous as to describe "Paradise Lost" as a nursery rhyme. Mr. Henry Salt in his "Richard Jefferies, His Life and Ideals" of 1894 thoroughly appreciated the mystical side in Jefferies to which "Wood Magic" supplied the open sesame, and in his delightful little book we have a worthy precursor of the full-length study by Mr. Thomas.

The mind of Jefferies is the subject of his latest biographer, rather than the man. It was predicted in 1888 that documentary evidence would come to light which would reveal a wonderful background to a series of books so intimate with the heart of Southern England as that commenced in "The Gamekeeper at Home." But the externals of Jefferies' life, so far as Mr. Thomas has been able to discover them amid the conflicting and reluctant testimony of rustic contemporaries and relatives, hardly seem to corroborate this view. Jefferies was not a letter writer, and every fragment of personal expression had to be converted into copy. He was a recluse from the manufactories of literary gossip, a lonely walker by day, his interests within doors concentrated upon his married life, his small library, his lamp and his manuscripts. He had to work extremely hard to make both ends meet, and his existence is almost unmarked by incidents save such as are connected with his progress from journalism to literature, and the miserable record from 1881 to 1887 of progressive ill-health. Into this sad part of his story is crammed everything possible in the way of "continued torture, necessity of work, poverty, anxiety and hope of recovery continually deferred," during which he lived successively at Surbiton, Brighton, Eltham, Crowborough, and Goring. As with Lafcadio Hearn, one feels that Jefferies must have been essentially a solitary artist. His inability to make friendships deprives his biographer of the chance of a really first-hand description by one competent to delineate his strange personality. To a synthesis of personal gossip, eked out with a stray letter here, a newspaper paragraph there, or a wandering rumour in any of his places of residence, the seriousness of Mr. Thomas's method and purpose does not readily accommodate itself. Of the sentimental side of Jefferies, of his attachments and of the fluctuating estimate formed of him by contemporary critics, we shall not find very much in these pages. Upon the influence of his native downs and the whole of his local environment and upon such autobiographical revelation as his own books afford, on the other hand, Mr. Thomas has concentrated profound attention—with admirable results. The first phase of Jefferies' work that counts coincides with his departure from Wiltshire. His satchel was already filled with country material that lasted for the rest of his life. Proximity to London gave him a new inspiration; but for a time he was content to write inventories of the farm, the village, the estate—of England, past and passing, and all the paraphernalia of what Mr. Wells calls "the Bladesover *régime*."

He deifies a gamekeeper, tells the story of a rookery or a rabbit warren, narrates the life-history of a waggon, describes a Sussex plough or a harness belfry, and discovers the secret history of a poacher's lurcher. Several writers have done this kind of thing since, but very few indeed had done it before Jefferies, and those few to be found mostly, not in England but in France. Most readers of Jefferies that I have come across judge him by this part of his work, and by this part alone, illustrated in such books as "The Gamekeeper at Home," "The Amateur Poacher," "Wild Life in a Southern Country," and "Round About a Great Estate." Jefferies reverted to this applied natural history now and again in his later career in collections of essays such as "Nature Near London," when he was writing against time, but nearly always with an added note of reflection and melancholy. "The melancholy is not in the fair itself, nor in the droning of the roundabout—the ploughboy likes it! It is in ourselves, in the thought that thus, though the years go by, so much of human life remains the same—the same blatant discord, the same notorious roundabout, the same poor gingerbread."

But his present biographer is mainly concerned with the later phases and manifestations of the genius of Richard Jefferies. He gives us with a rare insight and sympathy a panorama of the landscape influences which contributed to his author's palette. His colours were not far sought. He went abroad but once or twice for short visits to Paris

* "Richard Jefferies: His Life and Work." By Edward Thomas. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

or Belgium. He seems never to have been in Wales, Scotland, or even in the north of England. The four foci of his intellectual and imaginative life were places so humdrum as Swindon, Surbiton, London and Brighton. But everywhere he went, whether it was "into the fields, to take what the sweet hour yields," or into Trafalgar Square, Bermondsey or Bloomsbury, he took with him the imagination of a poet, developing rapidly from "Wood Magic," "The Open Air" and "The Dewy Morn" to "After London" and "The Story of My Heart," into the illumination of a nature-mystic. The revelation of the inner beauty, of the penetra'ia of Pan, of the ecstasy of light and summer and of the life-spirit became in him, some would say a kind of momentary hysteria, or others, a variety of religious experience. He had, at any rate, that perfect conviction that the Deity was transpiring in him which characterises all the great mystics. He did not of course formulate it in a religious manner, but he felt it as a religion, and, as in the case of so many seers and prophets, his primary teacher was suffering, nay, physical pain. Much of his best work in "Bevis" and "Field and Hedgerow" was done in agony, when a footstep pained, and the slightest jar tormented. On a sick-bed he had those moments of exaltation in which the heavens opened and he had glimpses of beauty and of what the kindred spirit of Shelley calls "Nature's naked loveliness" which have been vouchsafed to the greatest poets alone. Mr. Thomas has seen and co-ordinated both sides of the greatness of Jefferies. He sympathises with Jefferies' genius as a reporter of nature. He recognises his limitations here, and the lack of that prime instinct for prose style which sometimes led Jefferies to imperil rather than enhance his meaning by expressing it. Mr. Thomas, in short, seems to us to possess precisely those gifts which are indispensable to an interpreter of Jefferies, and he has performed his work of interpretation with a spirit and in a style which lays all students of the poet-naturalist and of the land he has taught us to love under the deepest obligation.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

Novel Notes.

GREEN GINGER. By Arthur Morrison. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

It is evidently time that we revised our judgment of Mr. Arthur Morrison. Whilst we have been persistently classing him as a grim and sombre realist, he has been developing into one of the most delightfully irresponsible of humorists. Of course we knew from "That Brute Simmons," in his "Tales of Mean Streets," and from certain of the tales in his "Divers Vanities," that he had an abundant sense of humour, but we had not credited him with possessing the breezy, broadly farcical spirit of fun that fills the pages of "Green Ginger" with the best and heartiest food for laughter that you will find nowadays anywhere outside a book by Jacobs. Now and then, as in such stories as "Cap'en Jollyfax's Gun" or "The Copper Charm," he gives you quaint and excellent character-sketches; everywhere the descriptions of persons and places are touched in vividly and with his accustomed skill; but when all's said you come back to the story—the tale's the thing, and though it might be easy to decide which of them has the most ingenious plot, which embodies the most gloriously odd or ludicrous incident, it is very difficult indeed to look back over them and say, where all are so wholly amusing, which is the liveliest and most laughable. Perhaps it is enough to say that the present reviewer, a hardened specimen of his tribe, has read every one of them, taking them in their order, and was only sorry they were not twice as many, and that if you would like to laugh, and to keep on laughing through three hundred and twenty-eight pages, you cannot do better than ask for "Green Ginger," and see that you get it.

STRANLEIGH'S MILLIONS. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Magazine readers—to say nothing of those who enjoyed this author's "Young Lord Stranleigh"—have already made the acquaintance of one who surely must be the most amiable millionaire in fiction or out of it. "Stranleigh's Millions" consists of half a dozen longish and loosely connected stories. They show signs of having been written in a hurry, for, though every one of them contains a good idea, the style is a little careless, and altogether Mr. Barr is hardly at his best in them. They seem to us especially to suffer from a weakness in dialogue; all the characters speak very much alike. Nor are these characters particularly like real people. However, this is the worst we can say of the book. The stories have ingenious plots and are cleverly constructed; they make good and amusing light reading; there are no "problems" and no moralisings; and Stranleigh is an engaging hero. It is perhaps unfortunate that the book should begin with "The Rise of the Beadale Stores," which we consider to be the worst story. However, if the reader has the good sense to persevere, he may be assured of amusement. There is practically no love interest, so we take it that the author intends marrying his hero in yet another volume. We hope that the success of "Stranleigh's Millions" may encourage Mr. Barr to write it.

MIRAGE. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Mirage" is a novel of the kind that the library attendant—of the female species—hands to her customers with the recommendation that it is "sweetly pretty." There is the rosebud heroine, the elderly wooer (with a bygone passion for the heroine's mother) who, for no very obvious reason, deludes himself with the idea that the young girl returns his love and is willing to marry him, and the young and eventually triumphant lover (of whom Mr. Thurston is moved to exclaim, in a flash of inspiration, "What a

Photo by F. W. Clark. **Mr. Arthur Morrison.**

wonderful thing youth is!"). None of these things are very new, and, it must be admitted, there is an air of artificiality about the whole story; but it is pleasantly told, and the author has contrived to make a charming and picturesque figure of the old French nobleman whose pride will not allow him to admit his poverty, even to his friends. There is a touch of real pathos at the end of the book, where the disillusioned old man returns once more to the dreary, sordid boarding-house existence he had hoped to have escaped for ever.

THE MAN WHO LIVED. By Beryl Tucker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

It was really a mistaken kindness on Miss Tucker's part to marry Sidney Hawe to the only person in her book who can be regarded with any sort of respect. Pia certainly was very much in love with him and quite ready to accompany him "out and away to the wilds," but one trembles for the result of the experiment. Sidney had been in the wilds before and in many other places, had "lived" in short, and had come back with the outlook of Upper Tooting, the insight of a schoolboy and the soul of a cad. On the very first page, where he is most minutely described, we are assured that "the observer would recognise a fellow-observer of more than common intelligence." Yet throughout the story he is misreading the plainest psychological data. Miss Tucker's ideas on the comportment of the sexes towards one another are curious. She is not particularly generous to her own sex and seems to think the attitude of selfish bounder is in men too natural and universal to call for question or censure. Which is not really so. Her knowledge, however, of male psychology is not exhaustive, and she has the foolish, though not uncommon, habit of claiming as solely women's thoughts and feelings which are shared equally by men. Neither is she very skilled in the unconventional woman. Such an one (we are frequently assured she is unconventional) would scarcely feel "a nervous tremor throughout her frame" just because a man, whom she did not know and was not going to love, fainted on her kitchen floor. Yet the book has its moments. Pia, at least, is a real human being. The scenes which she predominates are extremely well done. And there are a good many of them.

BEYOND THE SKYLINE. By Robert Aitken. 6s. (John Murray.)

Mr. Aitken has good stories to tell, and he tells them vivaciously. The main criticism we have to pass upon his method is that it is occasionally too allusive towards the end. It is no doubt very effective to hint or to suggest a climax, but the hint should be fairly obvious. Now and then Mr. Aitken's tales leave the reader in a slight confusion as to what exactly he is meant to understand by some enigmatic allusion. But the stories are excellently written.

> "There is a world outside the one you know,
> To which for curiousness 'Ell can't compare."

The world of these stories is curious and cosmopolitan enough; it covers India, Africa, Scotland, and the high seas, and it embraces comedy as well as tragedy. "A Second-class District," "Paquita," and "The Unlighted Shrine" perhaps show Mr. Aitken at his best as a raconteur, but all the stories are readable, and the general level of interest is much higher than in most volumes of this class.

THE ADVENTURES OF LOUIS BLAKE. By Louis Becke. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Becke must be prepared for the conjecture that this autobiographical novel represents a diary of the author. Whether it is so or not, it is a vigorous, adventurous story of the South Seas which opens in the year 1870 at San Francisco, and thereafter passes out into Mr. Becke's happy hunting-ground among the islands. Mr. Blake and his brother Vern were evidently capable young men. They prospered by hard work and hard knocks, and the book leaves them in a very different financial condition from that depicted in the opening chapter. But the zest of the story lies in its descriptions of whaling and treasure-hunting among the South Sea Islands. Mr. Blake met plenty of rascals there, and he tells of their misdeeds with great frankness. But he puts in a good word for the notorious "Bully" Hayes, who has acquired a legendary reputation for being a monster of depravity. As he appears in these pages, he certainly does not look a man who would have stuck at anything to gain his ends, so that Mr. Becke's certificate is all the more valuable.

ROGUES FALL OUT. By Florence Warden. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Sir Digby Cheynell is the victim of his butler and his doctor, who blackmail him on account of a crime which is supposed to have been committed years ago upon the person of his brother. Jack Hale, who goes to be his private secretary, is the means of unearthing the truth of the mystery, and, in the course of this involuntary task he not only has some stirring hours with the two rascals, but some amorous passages with Miss Jane Cheynell, the hapless and down-trodden niece of the house. When everything is cleared up, Jane's fortune is recovered for her, and Jack does not leave before offering his hand to Jane. Which is as it should be in that best-regulated of all worlds, the world of sentimental fiction. The sensational part of the book is more interesting than the sentimental, however. The authoress has given herself with all her heart to the episodes of plot and mystery, and Jack is one of the satisfactory lovers who knock down the villain at the right moment and who turn up in the nick of time to unmask the rogues, though he is better at kicking than at kissing when the moment comes. The novel is both engrossing and humorous, however, in spite of the tragedy which threatens at first to overpower the leading characters.

THE HAND OF THE SPOILER. By G. Sidney Paternoster. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Paternoster has made a reputation as an author of sensational fiction, and in "The Hand of the Spoiler" he has written a book which will probably add one more to his list of successes in work of this kind. Lynton Hora makes an effective, if somewhat stagey, villain. He is an engaging gentleman who has brought up his adopted son, Guy, in accordance with some rather original views on the conduct of life. We confess that we do not find Hora's "philosophy" quite so convincing as the hero does. But there is no doubt about its effect, which is to make Guy a daring and original thief. For a time he is very successful, and even goes so far as to rob his prospective father-in-law. Then, however, Love intervenes in the person of Meriel Challis. Naturally, there are several difficulties in the way before a marriage with Guy is possible. However, Mr. Paternoster contrives an almost wickedly happy ending, in which the hero not only captures his beloved but escapes the just and extremely well-merited reward of his misdeeds. Altogether this is a thoroughly capable and interesting story, while the author shows powers of observation and construction that are above the average of this style of fiction.

A PRINCE OF DREAMERS. By Flora Annie Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is a story of Indian life and Indian people, different from the rest of the author's novels in so far that the scene

is laid in the sixteenth century instead of in the India of to-day. It is a clever mingling of historical facts and historical characters with those that are purely imaginary: though, to be on the safe side, Mrs. Steel in her Preface makes clear the distinction between the two. It is scarcely necessary to say that the novel is full of poetry and dramatic intensity, or that it tingles with the life and beauty of the East and is overhung with the sense of mystery, for these are the qualities that have brought fame to the author. The canvas is very full, yet each figure, however small its part in the story, stands out vividly, and grips the imagination: the thumb-nail sketch (it is hardly more) of Mehr-un-nissa, the one female historical character in the book, especially calls for praise: this child of eleven, already hailed as "the Queen of Women," who years after became the wife of Prince Sa'êm, the King's son, is a brilliant and most interesting little study of character. Akbâr, "the Prince of Dreamers," is, of course, the pivot round which the story revolves, and this King, swayed always by imagination, filled with pity for all suffering things, is always fascinatingly life-like, from the time when he first hears the song of Atma in his City of Victory to the end when he cries out for the man in him to be satisfied rather than the King. Splendidly conceived is Âtma Devi, the woman who claims and obtains her father's office of bard and champion to the King—a splendid example of loyalty and courage: ready to die for the honour of the King, ready, if need be, even to sacrifice her honour for his sake. To analyse the characters in detail is impossible here; but we cannot take leave of the book without a passing mention of the pathetic episode of the little cripple girl Zarifa.

BETTY BRENT, TYPIST. By "Rita." 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

We take it for granted that a novel by "Rita" will deal faithfully with those wicked rich people of the "smart set," and we are not allowed to be disappointed. Therefore when Betty Brent, a pure-minded, innocent girl, beautiful and quite the lady (is she not the daughter of the late Professor Brent, that good and great man?), goes down to a country house in her professional capacity, we know that all sorts of unpleasant things may happen. For they are very "smart" people at the country house—"Lulu," Lady de Vigne, "Monty," Cis. Dorincourt, Lady Gus, and the rest—and their morals and manners are deplorable. They smoke, and drink champagne, and speak rudely to each other, and go in for private theatricals, and even use slang and bad words, and they all, or nearly all, have titles. Of course poor Betty suffers, and we don't know what would have happened if it had not been for the kindness of the Lady Augusta, and the warm-hearted landlady, Mrs. Grayling, and that handy man her comic sailor son. However, it all comes right in the end, and some of the wicked are made to suffer, and virtue is properly rewarded. But it was surely remarkable that Professor Brent's daughter, aged nineteen, well-educated, and knowing French and German, had never heard of the story of Faust and Mephistopheles?

The Bookman's Table.

ROSSETTI. By Frank Rutter. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Dante Gabriel Rossetti did one thing besides leave behind him works of beauty. He left the problem of the Idea in painting more insoluble than ever. The doctrine of "Art for Art's sake" might have mastered us all by now, had it not been for him. Not that he actually refuted it; for his art, which was wrought in contradiction of its principles, is too full of defects to let us be sure that his poetic conceptions were not their cause. He was a poet-painter

How they Met Themselves.

"While at Paris on his honeymoon he completed his drawing of 'How they Met Themselves,' in which his own wife served as the model for the lady who swoons away as she meets the wraith of her lover and herself!"

(From "Rossetti," by Frank Rutter by kind permission of Mr. Fred. Hollyer.)

whom Whistler must have charged with a confusion of two unlike things. And, as a fact, from the impatience born of his poetic spirit he was unable to chain himself sufficiently to the hard practice of the painter's craft, whereby the technique of his work has suffered; whilst, on the other hand, his verse has suffered from too great pictorial feeling. Many other painters and poets have had skill in the two arts; but none like Rossetti has throughout his life been balanced so irresolutely between them. And yet, with all the drawbacks consequent on such rivalry, the work that he brought forth will live by reason of its vision; and the question of the right of painters to be symbolists and thinkers, as well as makers of mere harmony in form and colour, will, in his work, call for answer. Mr. Rutter, in his pleasant little book, besides telling us once more the life-story of this singular genius, discusses ably and critically the dual aspect of Rossetti's art—its consequent felicities and failures. He reminds us of the perfect subjectivity of his conceptions, of his frank aloofness from mere Nature. This in itself should have absolved him from the charge of sensuality so rashly brought. As to the weak rhymes and vowel-sounds often to be met with in his verse, Mr. Rutter ascribes these possibly to his Italian ear; but he will not excuse him for essaying often a simplicity untrue in one whose style was naturally ornate. Yet we cannot agree in condemning the redundancy of the last phrase of this lovely couplet:

> "But only the one Hope's one name be there,
> Not less, nor more, but even that word alone."

This booklet is an admirable relation of the life and work of the most original spirit breathing English air throughout the long course of the nineteenth century.

ROMANCE OF EMPIRE: INDIA. By Victor Surridge. 6s. net. (Jack.)

The latest volume in Messrs. Jack's "Romance of Empire" Series makes excellent reading. Mr. Victor Surridge has been very successful in catching the "atmosphere" of his subject, and his descriptions of fighting are vivid and—so far as we know—accurate. Though written

primarily for children (rather old children), to people with no overwhelming knowledge of one of the most important and almost certainly the most interesting of British possessions, this book should be very acceptable. It gives in three hundred pages a brief and interesting account of the more romantic incidents in the history of India between 1646 and the establishment of the Empire. By this means, while all the old familiar stories of heroism during the Mutiny are retold, several less well-known events in the earlier history of the country are included. In our opinion, these chapters make the best reading in the book, if only for the reason that their subjects are less hackneyed. We particularly like the story on page 114 of how a drunken sailor named Strahan managed single-handed to capture an important fort. On the following day he was ordered up for punishment. "'Well,' he exclaimed indignantly, 'if a flogging's to be the upshot, it's no me that'll be takin' onny more forts for ye!' And (remarks Mr. Surridge) there are no records in history to show he failed to keep his word." We know that this is not a new story, but it was distinctly worth retelling. The only criticism we would make is that Mr. Surridge is sometimes inclined to be a little wordy and to load his pages with rather too much colour. On the whole, however, he has fulfilled his task admirably. There is a small—too small—map, a careful index, and the book has also the advantage of a dozen clever coloured illustrations by Mr. A. D. McCormick, R.I.

TYBURN TREE: ITS HISTORY AND ANNALS. By Alfred Marks. 15s. net. (Brown, Langham.)

There is much in this remarkable book to move us to pity, and much to move us to shame and indignation. What unspeakable horrors have been committed in this England in the sacred name of law and under the solemn authority of the State! With extraordinary pains Mr. Alfred Marks has investigated the annals of Tyburn, and the sheer interest of his work compels us to stand with him and watch through six long centuries the procession of the doomed. The number of victims is estimated on a rough but very moderate reckoning at 50,000. "It is composed of all sorts and conditions of men, of peers and populace, of priests and coiners, of murderers and of boys who have stolen a few pence, of clergymen and forgers—sometimes of men who in their person unite the two characters—of men versed in the literature of Greece and Rome, of men knowing no language but the jargon of thieves. Cheek by jowl are men convicted of the most hideous crimes—men whose only offence it is that they have refused to renounce their most cherished beliefs at the bidding of tyrant king or tyrant mob. As a final touch of grim humour the ex-hangman sometimes figures in the procession, on the way to be hanged by his successor." Concerning the hangman Mr. Marks has many curious items of history to tell us, not the least of these being that Edward Dennis, the hangman condemned to death for taking part in Lord George Gordon's "No Popery" riots in 1780, was not really hanged after all, but was respited. But Dickens was quite right to hang him in "Barnaby Rudge." To wade through this story of Tyburn Tree is a task for those not easily affrighted by tales that are calculated to make the flesh creep. As a piece of historical research, done with the utmost care, the book is invaluable. It is a real contribution to a better knowledge of an earlier England—especially the England of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

VALLADOLID, OVIEDO, SEGOVIA, ZAMORA, AVILA, AND ZARAGOZA. By A. F. Calvert. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Not the least value of photography is its efficient ministry to reproduction and book-illustration. Thanks to photography, even the poorest of us may adorn his walls with excellent copies of priceless pictures. Thanks to photography, we may buy at a small cost admirably illustrated monographs on great artists or famous cities. The camera can do what the brush and the pen cannot do except at a price, or cannot do at all. Yet such is the perversity of mankind, that the modern photographer turns his back on the main excellence of his art—its faithful and instant minuteness—and aims with oil and gum at producing daubs of sheep and smears of trees, which he will label with some tag of a title, taken at second hand from a book. A volume like the present is a complete justification for the existence of pure photography. It costs three-and-six and contains no less than four hundred and thirteen full-page plates, reproducing details of these Spanish cities with a fidelity impossible in any other process. What form of hand work could equal the camera in presenting us the Retablo in the Cathedral at Oviedo, the tomb of Archbishop Don Lope de Luna at La Seo, or the high altar in the Cathedral at Zaragoza?—and what would be the cost of a volume containing four hundred and thirteen original drawings? Mr. Calvert will forgive us for speaking of the pictures before his letterpress. His name carries its own recommendation. He is an old hand at this game, and his six chapters on the six cities of his title are altogether excellent. Oviedo, cradle of the Spanish kings, Zamora, city of warriors, Avila, shrine of St. Teresa, and the rest—their very names are music, the horns of Elfland fall not richer on the ear, as Stevenson says of other matters. An admirable volume in this admirable Spanish series. We hope Mr. Lane will extend the idea to other lands.

POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. 1s. net. (Routledge.)

This is a timely reissue, in the cheap and tasteful "Muses Library" series, of the poetical works of Edgar Allan Poe. There has been a good deal of criticism poured out about Poe lately; uncompromising eulogists have tried to fit him with a wreath that is altogether too large for him to wear; and there have not been wanting detractors who, if their word was law, would have whittled his greatness down and made a very small thing of it. But when all is said, "The Raven" is not going to die of the few bathetic, uninspired lines with which it is marred; one or two of his lyrics are as nearly perfect as any of Shelley's, and his strong individual note and imaginative forcefulness give him his own high place among the poets of the English-speaking race. His essays on "The Poetic Principle," "The Philosophy of Composition," and "The Power of Words" are included in this volume, which is prefaced with a concise and wholly adequate biographical sketch of the poet by his best and best-known biographer, Mr. John H. Ingram.

MEMORIALS OF OLD LONDON. Edited by P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Bemrose.)

This is the newest addition to the valuable series that Mr. Ditchfield is editing under the general title of "Memorials of the Counties of England"—the newest and, to the present writer's thinking, the most interesting. Each chapter is written by an expert who has made a special study of the side and period of London life that he deals with, and the various chapters concern themselves with London in Celtic, Roman, Saxon and Norman Ages; Mediæval London; Elizabethan London; the Clubs, ancient and modern, Inns, Coffee-Houses, Literary Shrines, Inns of Court, the City Companies, the Civic Institutions, and bygone life and manners of London at various stages of its history. The volumes are illustrated with numerous photographs, old prints, plans and drawings, and Mr. Philip Norman supplies two admirable frontispieces in colour. They are handsomely produced and to be read for pleasure no less than for instruction, since the history

The LIFE, LETTERS, and WORKS OF RUSKIN

VOLUMES 36 & 37 READY MARCH 4

The Letters of Ruskin

In addition to numerous unpublished letters to his father and mother, these Volumes include letters of RUSKIN to :—

Sir Henry Acland, Lord Avebury, Miss Beever, Dr. John Brown, Ratwdon Brown, the Brownings, Burne-Jones, Carlyle, the Duchess of Albany, Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, Froude, Dr. Furnivall, Mrs. Gaskell, Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew), Kate Greenaway, Holman Hunt, Mrs. La Touche, Lord Leighton, H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Dean Liddell, Sir Oliver Lodge, Cardinal Manning, Stacy Marks, Mary Russell Mitford, William Morris, Lord and Lady Mount Temple, F. W. H. Myers, Charles Eliot Norton, F. T. Palgrave, Coventry Patmore, George Richmond, Samuel Rogers, Dante Rossetti, Mrs. Arthur Severn, Frank Short, Sir John and Lady Simon, Spurgeon, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Tennyson, Thackeray, Lady Louisa Waterford, G. F. Watts, and many other correspondents.

VOLUME 36 contains 720 pages, 25 Plates, and 4 Facsimiles of MSS., etc.
„ 37 „ 756 „ 12 „ „ 11 „ „ „ „

The FINAL VOLUME consisting of
A Complete Bibliography—A Catalogue of RUSKIN'S Drawings and MSS., Addenda and an Index to the WHOLE WORK,
will necessarily take many months to prepare, and as the INDEX is calculated to contain over 100,000 References, no definite date can yet be fixed for the publication of this Volume.

The Publishers believe that this Index will, **in completeness of analysis, in clearness of arrangement,** *and* **in the fulness of its references** *be without precedent among Indices hitherto attached to the works of* **Great English Authors.**

The LIFE, LETTERS and WORKS of RUSKIN

EDITED BY E. T. COOK AND ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN

CONTAIN NOT ONLY

All Ruskin's Writings, but also His Life and His Letters

AND FURTHER SOME

2,000 Illustrations

including all **Ruskin's Published Drawings** and many that have

Hitherto remained unpublished

For full particulars of this MONUMENTAL EDITION in 38 Volumes at £42 the set, or in Monthly Instalments, see Prospectus.

The Subscription can be arranged to place the Work WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

London: GEORGE ALLEN & SONS, 156, Charing Cross Road.

of London as it is unfolded in them is as fascinating as any romance.

THE OXFORD THACKERAY. Edited and arranged by George Saintsbury. Vols. vii.–xvii. 2s. each net. (Frowde.)

These eleven volumes complete the Oxford edition of Thackeray, the earlier volumes of which were recently reviewed at length in THE BOOKMAN. The praise given to those may now unhesitatingly be extended to the whole edition, for it is certainly one of the most valuable reprints of the Master's works that has yet appeared, or, indeed, is ever likely to appear. It is an admirable edition for the general reader, and indispensable to every true Titmarshian. For the first time we are given, what has long been a crying want, an appendix to each of the novels, showing the changes made by the author in later editions. To realise how carefully Thackeray revised his work, it is only necessary to turn to "Pendennis," and study the very numerous changes made in that novel. A writer always takes a risk when he makes drastic excisions and considerable alterations in his published work, and many instances could be given when these have not been for the good of the book; but in the case of Thackeray almost every change is an improvement. The great feature of the edition, however, are the introductions of Professor Saintsbury, than whom no one is more conversant with the life and writings of Thackeray, as every reader will discover for himself. Professor Saintsbury is indifferent to the generally accepted verdicts, and writes entirely independently of them: sometimes his verdicts are in accord with those of other critics, sometimes they are at variance; and it is this that makes his comments so interesting and refreshing. In conclusion, a word must be said of the get-up of the edition. It is well bound and well printed, and the full-page illustrations are never backed by letterpress, no inconsiderable advantage when thin paper is used.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. EVERETT & CO.

"Every time a Clair entered the chamber below the tower and turned the ace of spades—which was left [by a wicked ancestor, and an abbot] on the stone table after the game—the luck of the family would change." This is the exciting pivot on which Mr. Fergus Hume's new story, **The Devil's Ace** (6s.), is made to turn; and it certainly turns in a finely sensational manner. The story is modern and mysterious, it contains love and luck, thrills and adventures. At the beginning of the story the heroine's elderly suitor is lost—he has mysteriously disappeared. At the end of the story he is lost to the heroine only. The book contains amusement as well as excitement.

MR. JOHN LONG.

We always expect a good exciting mystery from Mr. Headon Hill, and we get it in his new novel, **Links in the Chain** (6s.). Who murdered Sir Bevys Blythe? is the question which fills the reader's mind at the end of the second chapter, and a fine succession of episodes follow one another thick and fast from that page onward. We ourselves confess that we could not wait to reach the last page in the legitimate manner; but knowing the secret does not spoil the story, when one turns back and enjoys the details. Mr. Headon Hill has provided a capital narrative for any one who wishes to kill time.

MR. ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL.

It is impressed upon the reader of **Monica of Esseburn**, by Margaret F. Osborne (2s. net), that Esseburn is a real "little old-fashioned town lying in the heart of England." One can see its streets and hear its clocks strike, and look out from the "spy" window of the doctor's house. Miss Osborne shows traces of the amateur when she writes of the general society of the town, her pin-pricks are rather clumsily dealt. But the two sisters and the two chief men of the story are quite alive, the emotions are true emotions, the situations, though well known, are fresh in their treatment, and above all Esseburn is pictured with something of the loving familiarity we find in Mrs. Craik.

MESSRS. SISLEY'S LIMITED.

Miss Mary Isabel Fisk has made a clever bid to obtain the approval of two publics, the readers who enjoy pathos and the readers who need humour. In her new volume, **With Powder-Puff and Dagger** (6s.), she varies her themes with a charming inconsequence. The dagger is felt in the first story, the story of a little Japanese wife. Then comes the light powder-puff, and in an airy manner we have the description of a conventional evening party. This latter would make, by the way, a good recitation; it is full of observation and amusement. So goes on the book, grave and gay, satire and sadness, fun and foibles. This is a good volume for casual reading and—Mr. Stead approves of it.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Did She do Right? is the question asked on the last page of this novel by A. J. Macdonnell (6s.), and the same question forms the title of the book. It is a romance of the twentieth century and of two Englishwomen in Italy. It is a story of the unwitting rivalry of these two friends, the beautiful young girl and the beautiful woman of thirty-five, who both love the same man. The story goes quickly, the emotions are appealed to throughout, and as for the question—ten pounds is offered by the publisher for the best answer to it.

MESSRS. HAND & CO., LIVERPOOL.

A small volume throwing light upon the history of Liverpool Castle has been written by Mr. Charles R. Hand. It is named **Liverpool Castle and its Builders**, and it goes to show that the Liverpool Castle, which was a fine old fortress gracing the rock above the river till the eighteenth century, had a much earlier origin than is usually admitted. Mr. Hand claims, and brings reasonable proof to show, that the Castle was built in early Norman days; and his illustration impresses us with the fact that with such a situation at his disposal, it would have been sheer folly for any baron to have neglected to place a fortress upon it for defence. The book is very interesting, and is a good example for other local antiquaries.

MR. ALBERT BROADBENT.

It is always a real pleasure to speak in praise of literary work done for Literature's sake, and in the case of the booklets published by Mr. Broadbent it is easy to do this. The collection of "Treasuries" full of elevating and inspiring thoughts is made with so much good taste, good sense, and good intention that every mood and need is appealed to. **A Nature Treasury** and **A Treasury of Consolation** (3d. each) are but two among a large number, but we find them full of fine, unbackneyed, and varied quotations. **In Praise of Friendliness; In Praise of Duty; In Praise of Ministry;** and **Poems of Love and Life** (1d. each) also contain prose and poetry of special appeal and aptitude. These slim, dainty booklets are admirable for little gifts. They give the best of reading for less than the cost of a birthday card.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT.

The Broad Road, by Annie S. Swan (6s.), is a story written on somewhat different lines from this authoress's usual novels. It contains more plot and deals with wider subjects; it touches the intercourse of Jew and Christian, and deals sympathetically with many of the despised race. Indeed, Lewis Hermann, the hero, is part Jew, part Englishman. The story is one of crime and love, of tangles and unravellings, and reveals signs of first-hand thought and sincere sympathies.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Men of letters have long looked with confidence to Messrs. Macmillan's "Eversley Series" as providing works, or new editions, prepared with genuine scholarship. In this series they now publish Professor Raleigh's **Shakespeare** (4s. net). This fine summary and judgment of Shakespeare's life and work is ideally placed in such a series—a series which already includes ten volumes of the plays themselves.

We are glad to welcome Mr. John Lane's pocket edition of Henry Brooke's **The Fool of Quality** (2s. net, 2 vols.). It is by no means a hackneyed reprint, and although it will be read more with curiosity than with interest as a story, it is a book of many gems; it is an example of an eighteenth-century novel, and it is the book of which John Wesley said: "It is one of the most beautiful pictures that was ever drawn in the world."

Messrs. Cassell have just issued fifteen more volumes in their admirable "People's Library." In good type and tasteful binding, either cloth or leather (8d. net and 1s. 6d. net), they provide such varied delights as Henry Kingsley's **Ravenshoe**, Miss Mitford's **Our Village**, Darwin's **Origin of Species**, and novels of Lever, Marryat, and Kingston. Fifteen more volumes are promised in April.

A SELECTION OF CASSELL'S SPRING BOOKS

EVERYDAY JAPAN

Written after Twenty-five Years' Residence and Work in the Country.
By ARTHUR LLOYD, M.A. 12s. net.
With an Introduction by COUNT TADASU HAYASHI.
With 8 Coloured Plates and 96 Reproductions of Photographs. Ready March 5.

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS

Edited by T. ATHOL JOYCE, M.A., and N.W. THOMAS, M.A.
In two Volumes. 15s. net each.
Profusely Illustrated with reproductions of striking and original photographs, and a series of magnificent plates in colour from paintings specially executed for the work by NORMAN HARDY.

The ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, KEW

Historical and Descriptive.
By W. J. BEAN, Assistant Curator.
Cloth, gilt back, 20s. net. Large Paper Edition, limited to 100 copies, £3 3s. net.
With an Introduction by Sir William Thiselton-Dyer, late Director of the Gardens. Illustrated with 20 Reproductions in Colour from Paintings by H. A. OLIVIER, and 40 Reproductions of Photographs by E. J. WALLIS.

HEALTH AND COMMONSENSE

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.A., M.D. 6s. net.
"It is long since we have met with so useful a treatise on hygiene, so trustworthy a guide to commonsense, and so amusing a book of science."—*Morning Post.*

WILD FLOWERS IN THEIR SEASONS

By F. EDWARD HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A.
With 80 Coloured Plates. New Edition, 3s. 6d. net.
"An exceedingly valuable little handbook, giving full information in the clearest possible fashion. With his admirable text and his no less admirable illustrations, the most stupid person could hardly fail to recognise even the meanest flower that blooms."—*Morning Leader.*

PEGGY THE DAUGHTER

By KATHARINE TYNAN.
With Frontispiece in Colours. Second Impression Now Ready. 6s.
"Miss Katharine Tynan invariably writes a charming story, but we think she is at her best in 'Peggy the Daughter' . . . a story deftly handled at every point."—*Nottingham Guardian.*

A Brilliant Novel by a New Author.

THE LURE OF EVE.

By EDITH MARY MOORE. *With Frontispiece in Colours. 6s.*
"The life that is crammed into this story is life that has been lived: the passions are real passions: . . . .its sincerity is tremendous. . . . Its tender wisdom and sympathetic humour lift it far above the ruck of novels."—*Star.* *Now Ready.*

A Fascinating Novel.

THE CONQUEST OF CHRYSTABEL

By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY. *With Frontispiece in Colours. 6s.*
Chrystabel Victor is a conqueror of hearts. How she goes forth into the world and is herself conquered, is a story which the author tells with delightful charm and vivacity.
Now Ready.

A Thrilling Romance.

THE YELLOW GOD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.
With Frontispiece in Colours and 12 Half-Tone Plates. 6s.
It is doubtful whether in any of his romances Rider Haggard has revealed a country more weird, more mysterious, than Asikiland—the home of "The Yellow God." Asika herself ranks with Ayesha and those other royal women of Mr. Haggard's imagination. *Ready March 5.*

RECENT 6s. NOVELS

H. RIDER HAGGARD	THE GHOST KINGS
EDEN PHILLPOTTS	THE VIRGIN IN JUDGMENT
MAX PEMBERTON	SIR RICHARD ESCOMBE
ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER	MISS FALLOWFIELD'S FORTUNE

Illustrated List of Spring Books post free on application.

CASSELL & CO., LTD., LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.

LORD ROSEBERY'S TRIBUTE TO
PUBLIC OPINION

All those who read the article on "Lord Rosebery as a Man of Letters" in this issue of *The Bookman* will be interested in the following note which Lord Rosebery sent to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION on Nov. 28, 1908, and also with the facsimile of his manuscript.

WHAT LORD ROSEBERY SAID:

"I can truly say that 'Public Opinion' is a weekly joy to me. It gives me just what I want to read."

I can truly say that 'Public Opinion
is a weekly joy to me. It gives
me just what I want to read.

Why you should read PUBLIC OPINION.

BECAUSE it presents the cream of all the best thought in the best Papers, Magazines, and Books at the minimum expenditure of time and money.
BECAUSE it gives, every week, lengthy and informing summaries of two of the most important books, so that in the course of a year the reader is put in possession by direct quotation of the main features of over one hundred books.
BECAUSE it contains suggestions for debates on topics of the day.
TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

The following form filled up and enclosed in an envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp and addressed to *Public Opinion*, 31 and 32, Temple House, Tallis St., London, E.C., will ensure the receipt of a specimen copy of this journal.

Name .....

Address .....

BMAN. .....

A Note from THE ABBOT GASQUET.

The Abbot Gasquet, who is now engaged at Rome revising the Vulgate, writes on February 15th, 1909, to the Editor of *Public Opinion*, saying:

"I have for a long time now got so much pleasure and profit from it, that I feel constrained to add my testimony to that of others. Obliged to be away from England for many months each year on business, and with little time to spend on the reading of papers, I have found *Public Opinion* exactly what I needed to keep in touch with passing events, and I look forward to the coming of the post which brings it to me."

New Books of the Month.

FROM JANUARY 10 TO FEBRUARY 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ADAMS, W. MAURICE.—Jesus Rex. 6d. .....(H. J. Drane)
ADAMS, W. MAURICE.—The Truce of God. 6d. (H. J. Drane)
BEET, JOSEPH AGAR, D.D.—The New Testament, Its Authorship, Date, and Worth. 1s. 6d. net (Robert Culley)
Bible Dictionary, A Standard. 25s. net .. (Funk & Wagnalls)
Bible, The Dictionary of the. Edited by James Hastings, D.D. 20s. net .....(T. & T. Clark)
BOUSSET, PROF. W.—The Faith of a Modern Protestant. 2s. 6d. net. .....(Fisher Unwin)
BRACKETT, E. A.—The World We Live in. 2s. net (Rider & Son)
CARNEGIE, W. H., M.A.—Churchmanship and Character. 3s. 6d. net .....(John Murray)
FINDLAY, GEORGE G., D.D.—Fellowship in the Life Eternal. 10s. 6d. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
HARRIS, READER, K.C.—The Manuscript of God. 6d. and 1s. .....(A. H. Stockwell)
WRIXON, SIR HENRY, K.C.—The Religion of the Common Man. 3s. net .....(Macmillan)

NEW EDITIONS.

DESARTIS, V. C.—Psychic Philosophy. 4s. 6d. net (Rider & Son)
TOLSTOY, LEO.—The Teaching of Jesus. Translated by L. and A. Maude. 2s. 6d. net, 3s. 6d. net...(Harpers)
VON ECKARTSHAUSEN, COUNCILLOR KARL.—The Cloud upon the Sanctuary. Translated and Annotated by Isabelle de Steiger. Revised and Enlarged. 3s. 6d. net .....(Rider & Son)

FICTION.

ADAMS, W. MAURICE.—Grafton Chimes. 3s. 6d. (H. J. Drane)
BARR, ROBERT.—Stranleigh's Millions. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)
BRADY, CYRUS TOWNSEND.—Little France. 6s. (Greening)
CAMPBELL, ARTHUR.—The Combat. 6s.....(John Long)
CROSS, MARGARET B.—A Question of Means. 6s...(Chatto)
CURTIES, CAPTAIN HENRY.—Out of the Shadows. 6s. (Greening)
DALBY, WALTER.—Captain Vanion's Business. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
DALE, ALICE M.—Duncan Falconer's Revenge. 6s. (Routledge)
DANZIGER, ADOLPHE.—Helen Polska's Lover. 6s. (H. J. Drane)
DAWE, CARLTON.—The New Andromeda. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)
FIELD, CLAUD.—Tales of the Caliphs. 2s. 6d. net (John Murray)
FISK, ISABEL MAY.—With Powder-Puff and Dagger. 6s. (Sisley)
GAUNT, MARY, and RIDGWELL ESSEX.—The Silent Ones. 6s. .....(Werner Laurie)
GILCHRIST, R. MURRAY.—The Two Goodwins. 6s. (John Milne)
GOULD, NAT.—The Buckjumper. 2s. .....(John Long)
GROGAN, WALTER E.—The King's Cause. 6s. (John Milne)
Heart of Monica, The. 5s. net .....(Collier)
HERBERT, ALICE.—The Measure of Our Youth. 6s. (John Lane)
HILL, ETHEL.—The Unloved. 6s. .....(Greening)
HILL, HEADON.—Links in the Chain. 6s.....(John Long)
HOPPER, JAMES, and FRED R. BECHDOLT.—"9009." 2s. 6d. .....(Heinemann)
HUME, FERGUS.—The Devil's Ace. 6s .....(Everett)
IDDESLEIGH, THE EARL OF.—Ione Chaloner. 6s. (John Murray)
JOHNSON, F. M.—It was Not to Be. Translated from the German. 3s. 6d.....(H. J. Drane)
KERNAHAN, Mrs. COULSON.—The Graven Image. 6s. (John Milne)
KING, MAUD EGERTON.—The Archdeacon's Family. 6s. (John Murray)
LANG, WILLIAM HENRY.—The Thunder of the Hoofs. 6s. .....(John Long)
LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD.—Little Dinners with the Sphinx. 6s. .....(John Lane)
MEADE, L. T.—The Stormy Petrel. 6s...(Hurst & Blackett)
MOBERLY, L. G.—The Sin of Alison Dering. Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
MOFFAT, E. B.—John Broom's Wife. 6s.....(Fisher Unwin)
MORRISON, ARTHUR.—Green Ginger. 6s.....(Hutchinson)
NAPIER, ROSAMOND.—The Heart of a Gypsy. 6s. (Duckworth)
NEWTE, HORACE W. C.—Sparrows. 6s.....(Alston Rivers)
NORTH, LAURENCE.—Syrinx. 6s. .....(Heinemann)
OSBORNE, MARGARET F.—Monica of Esseburn. 2s. net (Stockwell)
PARROTT, WILLIAM.—Under the Pink Chestnuts. 6s. (H. J. Drane)
PERRIN, ALICE.—Idolatry. 6s. .....(Chatto)
PODMORE, C. T.—The Fault. 6s.....(John Long)
REICH, EMIL.—Nights with the Gods. 6s...(Werner Laurie)
SHOLL, ANNA McCLURE.—The Greater Love. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
SNAITH, J. C.—Araminta. 6s.....(Smith, Elder)
TOWNLEY, HOUGHTON.—The Sin of the Duchess. 6s. (Greening)
TWEEDALE, VIOLET.—The Quenchless Flame. 6s. (John Long)
TYNAN, KATHARINE.—Peggy the Daughter. 6s...(Cassell)
WALES, HUBERT.—Hilary Thornton. 6s.....(John Long)
WALTHER, T. H.—A Simple Heart. 6s.....(H. J. Drane)
WEBLING, PEGGY.—The Story of Virginia Perfect. 6s. (Methuen)
WEBSTER, H. K.—The Whispering Man. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)
WELLS, H. G.—Tono-Bungay. 6s. .....(Macmillan)
WHITE, FRED M.—A Crime on Canvas. 6s....(Ward, Lock)
WILLMOTT-DIXON, W.—The Rogue of Rye. 6s...(Chatto)
YOUNG, PERCY.—The Tide Mill Secret. 2s. 6d. net (A. H. Stockwell)

NEW EDITIONS.

AUSTEN, JANE.—Mansfield Park, 2 vols. Emma, 2 vols. Persuasion, Northanger Abbey. Illustrated in colour after Wallis Mills. 3s. 6d. net each. .....(Chatto)
BAILEY, H. C.—Springtime. 7d. net .....(Nelson)
BARRETT, EATON STANNARD.—The Heroine. Introduction by Walter Raleigh. 2s. 6d. net....(Frowde)
BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, J.—Traitor and True. 6d. (John Long)
BROOKE, HENRY.—The Fool of Quality. 2 vols. 2s. net (John Lane)
Cassell's People's Library: Ravenshoe, by Henry Kingsley; Wuthering Heights, by Emily Brontë; Peter the Whaler, by W. H. G. Kingston; A Wonder Book, and Tanglewood Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings, by Lord Lytton; Vanity Fair, by W. M. Thackeray; Charles O'Malley, by Charles Lever; Masterman Ready, by Captain Marryat; The Three Midshipmen, by W. H. G. Kingston; The Talisman, by Sir Walter Scott; Gulliver's Travels, by Jonathan Swift. 11 vols. 8d. net and 1s. 6d. net each (Cassell)
DAWE, CARLTON.—Confessions of Cleodora. 1s. net (John Long)
DU BOISGOBEY, FORTUNE.—The Matapan Jewels. Edited by G. F. Monkshood. "The Lotus Library." 1s. 6d. net (Greening)
MACDONALD, GEORGE.—The Portent, and other Stories. 3s. 6d. .....(Fisher Unwin)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BELL, MACKENZIE.—Poems. 2s. 6d. net (The Kingsgate Press, 4, Southampton Row)
BULKELEY, H. J., M.A.—Hic et Illic. 2s. 6d... (Routledge)
CAREY, ALFRED EDWARD.—Voices in the Wind. 1s. net (Greening)
"D."—Hearthrug Comedies. 1s. .....(H. J. Drane)
ERNST, OTTO.—Master Flachsmann. Translated by H. M. Beatty, M.A., LL.D. 3s. 6d. net.....(Fisher Unwin)
FREEMAN, JOHN.—Twenty Poems. 1s. net (Gay & Hancock)
GILMAN, LAWRENCE.—Aspects of Modern Opera. 4s. 6d. net .....(John Lane)
GRAHAM-BURR.—Thoughts in Solitude. 4s. 6d. net (Elliot Stock)
HARTLEY, L. CONRAD.—The Spirit of Walt Whitman. 1s. net. .....(J. E. Cornish, Manchester)
MACKAY, COLONEL KENNETH, C.B.—Songs of a Sunlit Land. 3s. 6d. net .....(Australian Book Co.)
PRIOR, J. T.—My Garden. 5s. net .....(Elkin Mathews)
RAWLINGS, B. BURFORD.—The Waters of Argyra. The Vision of Belshazzar. 3s. 6d. net .....(Elliot Stock)
RICKARDS, MARCUS S. C.—Twilight Music ..(Baker, Clifton)
Shakespeare, An Evening with. Music, Tableaux, and Dances. An Entertainment arranged by T. Maskell Hardy. "The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young" Series. 1s. 6d. net (Chatto)
WHITELEY, J. HENDERSON.—1000 Questions in Music for Teachers. 1s. 6d. .....(W. B. Clive)

XUM

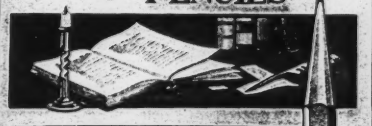
THE Northern Newspaper Syndicate is offering

100 GUINEAS

for a Novel suitable for Serial Publication. A note of the conditions can be had on application to the Manager, Northern Newspaper Syndicate, Kendal, England.

L. & C. Hardtmuth's

"KOH-I-NOOR" PENCILS



FOR ALL DESK, STUDY OR STUDIO WORK

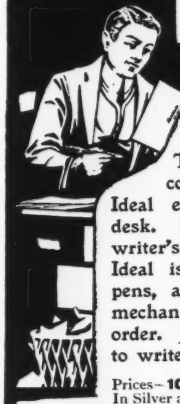
There is nothing like the Koh-I-Noor, the beautifully finished pencil, which takes a fine point, wears well, and does its work with a silken touch free from jarring irritations through faulty flaws. There's no doubt about the pleasure of using a Koh-I-Noor. It is more economical too, as it lasts so much longer than ordinary pencils.

Price **4d.** each, **3/6** per dozen, everywhere. Of Stationers, etc. Price List free from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C. (Paris, Brussels, Dresden, Milan, Vienna, New York.)

Koh-I-Noor Rubber Bands

Always insist on having the KOH-I-NOOR Rubber Bands—best in quality and last longest.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

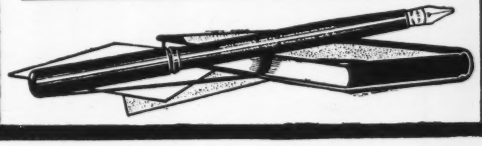


The Only Way

To write with effortless ease and comfort is to use a Waterman's Ideal every minute you are at the desk. It is the pen which turns the writer's task into a pleasure. Waterman's Ideal is the simplest of the fountain pens, and possessing no complicated mechanical details, it is never out of order. Just a plain writer, always ready to write, and always right.

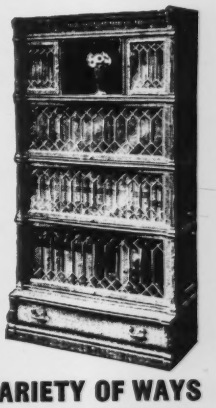
Prices—**10/6, 12/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/-,** and upwards. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, etc. Booklet, post free, from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C. (New York, 173, Broadway; Paris, 6, Rue de Hanovre; Vienna, Karnthnerstrasse 9; Milan, Via Bossi 4; Dresden, Pragerstrasse 6; Brussels, 14, Rue du Pont Neuf.)

Ask your Stationer to show you Waterman's Ideal Pump-Filling and Safety Pens—at 12/6 and upwards.



If books are worth collecting They should be worth protecting.

Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcases



are perfectly dustproof, the felt strip fitted at the top of each door absolutely preventing dust from entering the bookcase when closed.

At every point the Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" bookcases are superior to any other sectional bookcases made; they are the acknowledged best, and represent a standard of perfection in bookcase construction which other makers in vain try to imitate.

CAN BE ARRANGED IN A VARIETY OF WAYS TO SUIT INDIVIDUAL REQUIREMENTS.

Packing Free. Orders for £2 sent **Carriage Paid** to any Goods Station in the **British Isles.** Send for Catalogue **No. 18B,** free, from

The Globe-Wernicke Co. LTD.,

Office and Library Furnishers,

44, HOLBORN VIADUCT, London, E.C.; 82, VICTORIA ST., London, S.W.

NEW EDITIONS.

Oxford Plain Texts: Gray's Elegy and Odes; Keats's Isabella and Eve of St. Agnes; Coleridge's Ancient Mariner and Christabel; Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum; Byron's Childe Harold, Cantos III. and IV. 4d. each (Clarendon Press)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Author of "In a Tuscan Garden."—Under Petraia, with Some Saunterings. With Illustrations. 5s. net ..(John Lane)
BODE, W.—Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting. Translated by Margaret L. Clarke. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net .....(Duckworth)
BOULTING, WILLIAM.—Æneas Silvius (Pius II.). With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net .....(Constable)
British Empire, The. Edited by A. F. Pollard, M.A. 5s. net (Caxton Hall, Westminster)
BUCKLAND, E. S. LANG.—Oliver Goldsmith. Bell's Miniature Series. 1s. net .....(Bell)
BURY, J. B., Litt.D., LL.D.—The Ancient Greek Historians. 7s. 6d. net .....(Macmillan)
CHERAMY, PAUL.—A Favourite of Napoleon. Edited from the Original Memoirs of Mademoiselle George. 10s. net (Eveleigh Nash)
CRILLY, F. L.—The Fenian Movement. 6d. ..(John Ouseley)
DANIELS, H. G.—Chelmsford (Essex), with its Surroundings. Illustrated. 6d. net .....(15, Bedford Street, Strand)
de Frénilly, Recollections of Baron, Peer of France (1768–1828). Edited, with Introduction, by Arthur Chuquet. Translated from the French by Frederic Lees. 10s. net (Heinemann)
GIBBS, PHILIP.—King's Favourite. With Illustrations. 16s. net .....(Hutchinson)
GODFREY, ELIZABETH.—A Sister of Prince Rupert. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net .....(John Lane)
HAND, C. H.—Liverpool Castle and its Builders. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. .....(Hand & Co., Liverpool)
HENDERSON, MAJOR PERCY E. ("SELIM").—A British Officer in the Balkans. With Illustrations and Map. 16s. net .....(Seeley)
HUME-GRIFFITH, M. E.—Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia. With Illustrations and Map. 16s. net (Seeley)
JOHNSON, A. H., M.A.—The Age of the Enlightened Despot. 1660–1789. With Maps. "Six Ages of European History" Series. 2s. 6d. .....(Methuen)
LANG, ANDREW.—Sir George Mackenzie, His Life and Times. 1636 (?)–1691. With Illustrations. 15s. net (Longmans)
London, Old. Old Engravings. Compiled by Walter L. M'Nay. 3s. 6d. net.....(De la More Press)
MATURIN, MRS. FRED.—Petticoat Pilgrims on Trek. 7s. 6d. net .....(Eveleigh Nash)
Mayne, The Journal of John, 1814. Edited by his Grandson, John Mayne Colles. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net (John Lane)
MOORE, WALTER.—Boston (Lincolnshire) and its Surroundings. Illustrated. 6d. net .....(F. Warne & Co.)
MURDOCH, W. G. BLAIKIE.—The Royal Stuarts in their Connection with Art and Letters. 6s. net (J. & J. Gray & Co., Edinburgh)
PAGE, THOMAS NELSON.—General Lee: Man and Soldier. 6s. net .....(Werner Laurie)
PENNELL, T. L., M.D., etc.—Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier. Illustrated. 16s. net .....(Seeley)
PIERCE, WILLIAM.—An Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net (Constable)
STEWART, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR NORMAN, BART., C.B.—My Service Days. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net (John Ouseley)
WHITE, ALBERT C.—The Mystery of Mr. Fillingham. 6d. and 1s. .....(A. H. Stockwell)
WOODGATE, W. B.—Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman. With Illustrations. 15s. net .....(Eveleigh Nash)

NEW EDITIONS.

DUNDONALD, THOMAS, TENTH EARL OF.—The Autobiography of a Seaman. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Maclaren)
KINCAID, CAPTAIN SIR JOHN.—Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, and Random Shots from a Rifleman. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. .....(Maclaren)
Leland's Itinerary, Parts VII., VIII. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. 12s. net .....(Bell)

CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Al Ghazzali, The Confessions of. Translated for the First Time into English by Claud Field, M.A. "Wisdom of the East" Series. 1s. net .....(John Murray)
JAGGARD, WILLIAM.—Printing: Its Birth and Growth. With Illuminated Facsimile. 1s. 6d. net (Shakespeare Press, Liverpool)
JEBB, R. C., M.A.—The Characters of Theophrastus. 7s. 6d. net .....(Macmillan)
PANCOAST, HENRY S.—An Introduction to American Literature. 4s. 6d. ....(Bell)
Paris, The Charm of. Compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt. 2s. net, 3s. net .....(Chatto)
SAVAGE, ERNEST A.—The Story of Libraries and Book-collecting. 2s. 6d. .....(Routledge)
Utopian Papers. Edited by Dorothea Hollins. 3s. 6d. net (Masters & Co.)

NEW EDITIONS.

BIRRELL, AUGUSTINE.—Selected Essays. 1s. net (Nelson)
Cassell's "People's Library": Essays, and Lays of Ancient Rome, by Lord Macaulay; Dramatic Works, by R. B. Sheridan; Our Village, by Mary Russell Mitford; On the Origin of Species, by Charles Darwin. 4 vols. 8d. and 1s. 6d. net each .....(Cassell)
STEPHEN, LESLIE.—Hours in a Library. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. net each .....(Smith, Elder)

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

ADIE, R. H., M.A., B.Sc.—Junior Chemistry. "The School Junior" Series. 2s. 6d. .....(Univ. Tutorial Press)
BERTHET, ELIE.—Le Douanier de Mer. Edited by Robert J. E. Bué, B.-ès-L. 2s. 6d. .....(Clarendon Press)
BERTHON, H. E., M.A., and V. G. STARKEY, B.A.—Tables Synoptiques de Phonologie de l'Ancien Français. 2s. 6d. (Clarendon Press)
VIGNY, ALFRED.—Chatterton. Edited by E. Lauvrière. 3s. net .....(Clarendon Press)
HOBSON, R. L., B.A.—Porcelain, Oriental, Continental, and British. Illustrated. 6s. net .....(Constable)
LEWIS, E. T., B.A., B.Sc.—The Elements of Organic Chemistry. 2s. 6d. .....(Univ. Tutorial Press)
LOWELL, PERCIVAL.—Mars as the Abode of Life. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net .....(Macmillan)
MODY, H. P.—The Political Future of India. 3s. 6d. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
PATERSON, W. E., M.A., B.Sc.—School Algebra. Part II. 2s. 6d.; with Answers, 3s. .....(Clarendon Press)
Portland Cement, Everyday Uses of. 2s. 6d. net (Portland House, Lloyds Avenue, E.C.)
POTTIER, EDMOND.—Douris and the Painters of Greek Vases. Translated by Bettina Kahnweiler. Preface by Jane Ellen Harrison. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net (John Murray)

NEW EDITIONS.

HATCH, F. H., Ph.D.—Text-Book of Petrology. Revised and Rewritten. 7s. 6d. net .....(Sonnenschein)
WATKINS, ALFRED.—Photography: The Watkins Manual of Exposure and Development. 1s. net (Watkins Meter Co., Hereford)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Catalogue of Books, The English. 1908 (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)
DEWAR, LIEUT. ALFRED C.—Is Invasion Impossible? 1s. net .....(J. Griffin & Co.)
GEORGE, W. L.—Labour and Housing at Port Sunlight. 3s. 6d. net .....(Alston Rivers)
GRAYSON, VICTOR, M.P., and G. R. S. TAYLOR.—The Problem of Parliament. 6d. net .....(New Age Press)
HALL, THORNTON.—Roads to Riches: The Romance of Money-making. 3s. 6d. net .....(T. Werner Laurie)
MULHOLLAND, J. SHAW, B.L.—The Predominant Partner: His Rights and his Duties. 2s. 6d. net (Sealy, Bryers & Walker)
"RINKER."—How to Skate on Rollers. 1s. net (John Milne)
SERA, LEO G.—On the Tracks of Life. Translated by J. M. Kennedy from the Italian. 7s. 6d. net ....(John Lane)
WARE, J. REDDING.—Passing English of the Victorian Era. 7s. 6d. .....(Routledge)
WILKINS, H. J., D.D.—Faith Healing. 1s. net (Arrowsmith)
Year Book, The Reformers', 1909. 1s. net....(New Age Press)
YORKE-DAVIES, DR.—Wine and Health: How to Enjoy Both. 1s. 6d. .....(Chatto)
ZIEGLER, HANS.—We Germans and our British Cousins. 6d. net .....(Christophers)

NEW EDITIONS.

COLLINSON, JOSEPH.—The Fate of the Fur Seal. 2d. (A. C. Fifield)
Encyclopædic Dictionary and Atlas, The. Part I. With Coloured Plates and Maps. 7d. net .....(Cassell)

XUM

XUM